THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
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IN THE SNOW.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Silent the world lies 'neath the steel blue sky,
The winds are still in the old creaking pines—
The oak tree lifts its brawny arms on high,
Crowned and festooned by cream-white flowering vines.

The English poplar stands up grim and brown,
A patriarchial giant bravely bold,
With long white hair, and royal ermine gown,
Like some Lord Magistrate in times of old.

The gate posts tipped and plumed like grenadiers,
Stand sentinels in silence stern and grave;
The knotted well-sweep its gaunt length upreara,
Chiselled and carved, a marble architrave.

The well is lost—the road is blotted out—
Waist high the drifts shut in the farm-house door;
The brushy wood pile has been put to rout,
Subdued and shrouded it is seen no more.

Crystal stalactites hang from all the eaves—
The clapboard nails rejoice in silver tips;
Curtains of lace, with pearl embroidered leaves,
Wrap all the windows in their pale eclipse.

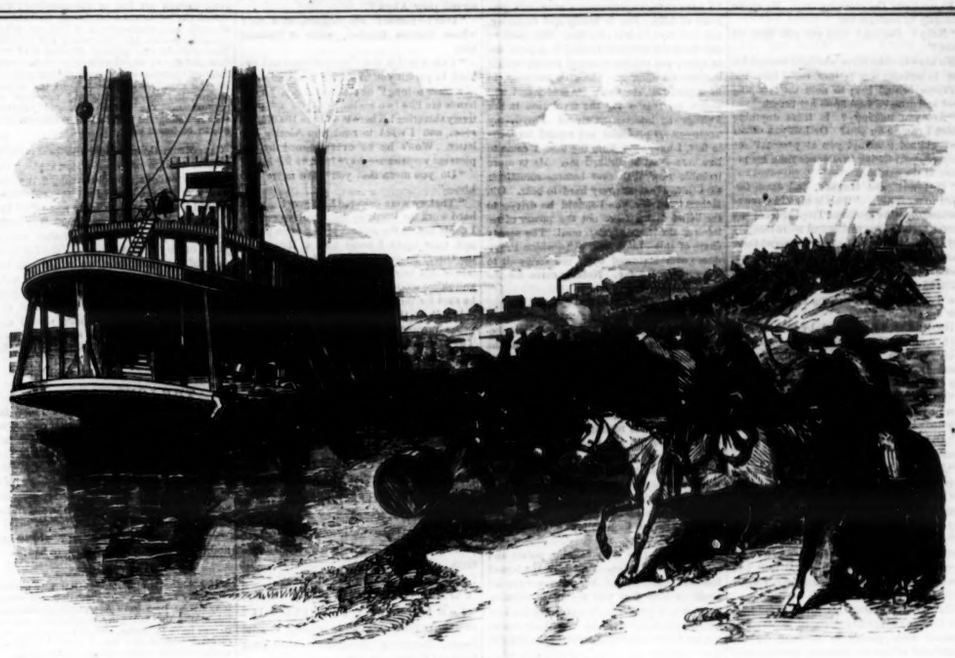
Twigs, that were only poor stems yesterday,
To-night's magician into pearls has turned;
The spruces wear the state robes of a fay—
The heath a right to diamond sprays has earned.

The grape-vine arbor boasts its ivory bars;
The trellises with icy cones are bright;
The hawthorn hedge is flecked with glittering stars,
And all the garden's stately flowers are white.

The brook has closed its song and gone to sleep,
Beneath its coverlet of fleecy white;
The smothered river rolling dark and deep,
Is mute and silent as the dumb-mouthed night.

There is a hush on all things that we view;
A dead, white silence rests on all below;
The pale moon slowly sails the cold clouds through;
Below the earth is buried in the snow.

Farmington, N. H.



THE WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI:

Sudden and Daring Attack by Rebel Guerillas, Led by Capt. Talbot, on the Sugar Steamer Empire Parish, at the Landing, 44 Miles Below Baton Rouge.

A few days after Gen. Grover had occupied Baton Rouge, the guerillas made a daring attack upon one of the sugar steamers called the Empire Parish, while she was tied up at the landing taking in her cargo, 44 miles below Baton Rouge. The attack was so sudden that the first impulse of Mr. Reid, the agent for the vessel, was to get into shelter, but recovering his presence of mind he gave orders to cut the boat loose from the moorings, which was done with great expedition. When our artist visited the vessel he found her completely riddled with bullets; the pilot-house had been especially fired at, and had not the crew taken shelter behind the sugar hogsheads all would have been killed.

The escape of the boat from capture was miraculous, and great credit is due the officers and men on board, for the able manner in which they succeeded in getting her safely out of reach of the guerillas. The captain compliments all hands for their bravery, energy and promptness, and the history of these terrible times presents few such examples of devotion as that shown by the assistant engineer, Chris. McGill, who fell at his post. He died a martyr to his fidelity to those who had employed and trusted him. When he discovered the guerillas on shore, he sprang to his engine for the purpose of letting on steam. He was hailed from the shore, and told that if he attempted to start the boat he would be killed. He persisted and was saluted with a volley of bullets, one taking effect in the forward part of his face, breaking his nose; another inflicting a severe and probably fatal wound in the hip. He then staggered over to the other side of the boat to inform the chief engineer, who was on duty at the other engine, of what had happened. He was just shaking hands with his friend and trying to tell him that he was mortally wounded, when another ball passed through his heart and he died instantly.

Most of the parties on board protected themselves by dodging behind the sugar hogsheads, and Mr. Reid was advised to seek the same protection, but refused to avail himself of it, and was consequently badly wounded, and, we understand, that he now lies in a very critical condition. His wounds are quite serious. Mr. Reid is a son, we believe, of the celebrated Capt. Reid, late of the United States Navy, whose name was rendered historical in connection with the privateer Gen. Armstrong, during the last war with Great Britain. He has been for some time engaged in commercial business in this city, and is agent for the Marion and other New York steamers.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Reid is recovering from his wounds.—*Frank Leslie's Newspaper.*

COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARION HARLAND,
Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Miriam," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER II.

There was no lack of cheerful company in Colonel Floyd's parlor that evening. The Colonel himself read the papers he had taken from the Post-Office in the afternoon—seated by a round stand at the warmest corner of the fireplace. So real was his absorbed interest in the sheet he held, that his presence imposed less restraint than it was wont to exert upon the innocent hilarity of the junior portion of the party. He had enjoyed, in his younger days, the reputation of being the handsomest man, the best rider and most graceful dancer in the county, and the years which had frosted his hair, and made rigid the once flexible lines of his face, had not bowed the stately form, robbed the eye of its fire, or the limbs of their strength. He looked proud and resolute, and he was both of one and more,—proud, with a haughtiness that inspired dislike and fear, rather than respect, contempt and overbearing to an extent which made him unpopular throughout the region where he would have ruled with absolute sway. In his family he was an autocrat; upon his plantation, a despot, whose laws were Draconian in severity; everywhere, in theory and in practice, he was an aristocrat of the sternest type. It was a common saying among the working classes that it was almost as much as a poor man's life was worth, to press Colonel Floyd for the payment of a just debt, yet no tradesman or mechanic durst refuse him unlimited credit. It is a sight that may be seen every day in other communities, North, East and West, where the feudal system has never prevailed as it did at the date of our tale in this old Potomac county of Maryland,—I mean the supremacy accorded to a single individual by those, his equals and betters in all respects—merely because he, out of the pride and mightiness of his inflated heart, chooses to proclaim himself a prince and a lord over them. Some of those whom he counts his vassals are too indolent, others too cowardly, others still, too amiable to dispute his reign, and, unchecked, he flaunts his dictatorship in the eyes of his amused or disgusted fellow-citizens, until a Tyrant, stronger and grimmer yet than he, forces him to discharge the last humiliating debt of Nature; proves him to have been, after all his pomp of place and circumstance—but common clay.

The Floyds had, from their family seat of Belleview, governed the adjacent county for three generations back, and distasteful as was the bearing of the present proprietor, to his well-born, well-bred and wealthy neighbors, they never thwarted, very rarely contradicted him. Behind his back, he was stigmatized as *roue* and a gambler; a bully and a swindler; yet, not one of his uncomplimentary friends ever thought of testifying his disapproval of a course so disreputable by declining the hospitalities of Belleview, and obliging his wife and daughters to do the same; none withheld from him the grasping hand and hearty salutation of delighted civility; few there were who did not feel and express themselves as pleased and honored by his visits to their houses.

Upon the opposite side of the hearth was Mrs. Floyd, mild, inane and faded, as might have been predicted of the sweet-tempered, spiritless beauty and heiress, who had, at eighteen, wedded this imperious partner.—She feared her husband; loved her children, and found her chief pleasures in housekeeping, gardening and the participation in an occasional weak and innocuous dish of gossip with some congenial visitor. At the period of her marriage, she had represented several ciphers, prefaced by a more important figure, and these, it was surmised, had formed her principal recommendation, *malgre* her bright eyes and peachy bloom—in the sight of the bridegroom. But beneath his hot, hasty fingers, the sum of which she was the sign and seal, had melted away, until the total and her consequence to her spouse had dwindled, in a like proportion, to a forlorn 0. Yet they maintained the state they had borne when cash was plenty and houses nor lands were overshadowed by cumbering mortgages. In mansion and farm and stables there was no symptom of the decay of wealth or gentility. People said that they were going down hill, while all agreed that, during the Colonel's lifetime, his family would never be allowed to soil their dainty feet with the mud, that to those, reared as they had been, lies a dread and hopeless quagmire,—filthy and unfathomable, in the pale of Poverty. As for Mrs. Floyd, it may be safely affirmed that the idea of such a descent, the bare prospect or possibility of this terrific fall had never occurred to her mind.

She was half dozing now over a knitted edging she was manufacturing of fine spool cotton—a vacant smile upon her features, a meaningless smirk, that was supposed to indicate excessive amiability, which brightened mechanically, as, now and then, a merry outburst from the group of young people reached her drowsy senses. This was her usual style of entertaining her nieces' visitors.

This group, consisting of six persons—three ladies and a corresponding number of gentlemen, were gathered about a table in the middle of the large room, engaged, evidently to their own most lively gratification, in the game of "Consequences." The table was littered with the folded slips of paper, so well known to the lovers of the play, and each one held a pencil. The member of the little band who would soonest have attracted the notice of a stranger, was Lily Calvert, the younger of Colonel Floyd's wards, and his own niece. Her chair was set in the full glare of the lamp that lighted the scribblers in their employment. She was nearly nineteen years of age, but not taller than many girls are at ten, with pale-gold curls floating loosely upon her shoulders: exquisitely shaped and extremely small feet and hands; large, melancholy blue eyes, with drooping fringes, and a voice clear and sweet as that of a bird. But her complexion, to which she owed her pet-name, now the only one by which she was ever called—formed the marked peculiarity of her appearance. It was white as the purest wax; never warmed by a tinge of color, whatever were her feelings, and her lips had, usually, a bluish tinge. The most obstinate unbeliever in the reality of such phenomena could not, in surveying her, help crediting the explanation of this one, commonly reported among those who were conversant with the family history.

Egbert Calvert had married Col. Floyd's only sister and settled with her upon the estate bequeathed to her by her father. One night, less than a year from the wedding-day, he was brought home a corpse, stark, cold and bloody, having been picked up from the roadside by some belated passers-by. He had not a known enemy in the world; no man was more popular and respected, and, in the absence of all testimony tending to prove human agency in producing his death, the ghastly cut upon the back of his head with which had crushed in the skull, was somewhat lamely accounted for by the supposition that his horse—a fiery and imperfectly broken colt—had thrown him with violence against the rocky road on which he was lying when found. The poor wife never smiled again; seldom spoke a voluntary word after her recovery from the swoon into which she fell at the fatal spectacle; but it was not until Lily's birth that she manifested unmistakeable signs of derangement. Lunacy was not reckoned a disgrace in this patrician community. On the contrary, its frequent appearance in the best—that is to say—the wealthiest and proudest classes, caused it to be recognized as an aristocratic complaint, produced, as it undoubtedly was, by the need of an admixture of fresh, new blood with the thin, blue current cousin had poured into cousin's veins, from one generation to another, for a hundred years and more. The Floyds had, like the rest of those who plumed themselves upon being of "good old stock," been pertinacious in the practice of intermarriage.—Grandfather, father and son had espoused first cousins, and the State Asylum was the more populous by reason of their adherence to ancient customs.

So Charlotte Calvert, bereaved of husband, and, more mercifully, of reason, was consigned by her affectionate relatives to the safe and comfortable retreat where others of her race were enjoying a peaceful home; her brother assumed the control of her property as guardian of her child and trustee for herself, and Mrs. Floyd opened her motherly arms to the worse than orphaned babe. She had no daughters of her own,—had been, as the phrase is, "unfortunate" in her children. Her eldest boy was born an idiot, and at the time of our story, was an inmate of the same asylum in which his aunt, Mrs. Calvert, was confined. The second, a beautiful, intelligent child, lived to be two years old, and was then snatched from her within a day after the commencement of the disorder by an attack of croup; the third, a girl, died a few hours after its birth. This event occurred almost simultaneously with the little Lily's advent, and the latter gained, by means of this association and her own sad helplessness of condition, such a hold upon the heart of her foster-mother, that the subsequent arrival of four sons—three of whom were still alive—could not dispossess her of the first place in the good lady's affections. Her uncle did not pet her; he never petted anything, not even his most valued racer; but neither did he scold and rebuff and cuff her, as it was his habit to treat his own offspring, and thus she grew to regard herself, and to be regarded by others as a favorite with him. She was a spoiled child from the beginning of her existence; but more self-indulgent than selfish; exacting of notice and love, and disposed to be jealous of superior attentions bestowed upon others; yet it was so natural to admire and humor her; she was so pretty and *petite*, and her naive, winning ways so like those of a gleeful, graceful little girl—that it was not often she had reason to complain of being overlooked.

Her supporters on either hand at the table were Tom Share and Junius Dickson—boarders from the vicinity, who had made this their halting-place on the way homewards from the county court house—quite a fashionable practice with the young men for twenty miles around. Facing her, sat Virginia Share, Tom's sister, an intimate friend of the cousins and a gay-spirited rattle; next her, Robert Lay, and beside him, his betrothed, Helen Gardner, looking very much as Alack's yearning heart was then picturing her in his fireside visions,—only with a richer maturity, a ripeness of womanhood upon her, that Miss Ruth may have had in her mind, when she essayed to describe the change that had taken place in the girl since her engagement. Robert was a trifle shorter than his brother, but still a well-made tall figure, with pleasant hazel eyes; light hair; clear complexion; a mouth that betokened sweetness of disposition and delicate sensibilities; a voice at once manly and gentle, and a full, curling auburn beard. He was a handsome fellow; companionable to a charm; easy-tempered to a fault; and universally beloved by high and low. By unanimous acclamation, he was chosen reader of the party, and in his manner of collecting the folded slips, as each writer pronounced his or hers ready, there was a frank, smiling courtesy, so natural and customary with him, that he was unaware of its manifestation, but which wrought its effect upon those he addressed.

"Are you ready, Miss Helen?" he said to his right-hand neighbor, when all the others had given in their contributions.

"Not quite! I am stupid to-night!"

"I believe you are!" retorted Lily, with a slight spice of petulahness in her manner. "You have been behindhand in every round. If you will write what you are dreaming about it will interest us, I have no doubt."

"Never mind! There is time enough, and to spare," observed Robert, kindly, as Helen bent down, her face effulgoing with shame or impatience, and scribbled away desperately at the limited space remaining for her to fill.

He pretended—further to relieve her—to be busied in sorting the narrow strips of paper deposited in his care.

"There!" Helen pushed hers towards him, and threw herself back in her chair. "My invention is exhausted! I shall retire at the next round."

"Do as I do, and write whatever nonsense first occurs to you," replied young Lay. "I should never progress beyond a single line if I attempted to be brilliant!"

The game of "Consequences"—I may as well state, for the information of those who, from the misfortune of ignorance or the willfulness of superior wisdom to such frivolous amusements, need enlightenment upon the subject, is conducted after this wise. A half sheet of note paper is furnished to each person who desires to take part in the entertainment, and he or she writes at the top of this a character or personal description applicable to a lady—as "the fair and witty," or the "homely and shrewish"—folds this down so carefully that no part of the writing is visible, and passes it to the one sitting next the said him or her, on one side, receiving at the same moment a similarly prepared page from the neighbor on the other hand. Next comes the lady's name, usually that of some friend or acquaintance of the writer; then, a description masculine, and a name; the place of meeting; what he said, and her reply; the consequence of the interview, and, as a finale, the world's opinion upon the matter. The best fun of the performance is the marvellous and oftentimes ludicrous coherence of the narrative, written piece-meal by so many hands, each scribe being perfectly ignorant of a single word that precedes his own addition to the story. There were a few blushes and a great deal of laughter upon the present occasion, as various good hits and strikingly appropriate allusions were given to the auditors in the reader's best style.

At length, came a tale that awoke different sensations in the breasts of all, that was felt acutely by at least one member of the company—

The graceful and winning Miss Lily Calvert and the refined and chivalrous Mr. Robert Lay met in Colonel Floyd's parlor. He said,

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

She answered, weepingly,

"The moon looks on many brooks;
The brook sees but one moon."

The consequence was that the loss of her wits followed upon that of her heart, and his comfort and happiness were not at all damaged thereby. The world said—"Poor thing! what else could have been anticipated from her antecedents?"

One or two tried to raise a spasmodic laugh, and nobody looked at Lily, whose forced mirth jarred upon every ear, while her taper fingers interlaced each other tightly on the table.

"Bah!" said Helen. "That is the flattest thing you have heard yet! Give us another if you please, Mr. Lay!"

No one, unless it were himself, in their private interviews, ever heard her call him "Robert" now-a-days.

"This looks racy!" remarked he, catching a glimpse of the names heading the one he was unfolding.

The witty and accomplished Miss Helen Gardener, and the learned but cynical Mr. Alexander Lay met behind a turkey-bind. He said—"False as Sin! did you not plight your troth to me? Was not this ring the seal? She said—"Alas! it is too late! They told me you loved another!" The consequence was that she married his brother, and he lived and died a crusty, rusty, fusty old bachelor. The world said—"It is dangerous, this playing with edge-tools!"

Robert's smile was *free* of all unpleasant meaning, as he flashed a merry glance at his betrothed.

"Reefs ahead!" he said, in a playful "aside," inaudible to others, amidst the chattering that succeeded the reading of this, the last paper. "I must be on the look-out! You know that we expect this dangerous rival of mine in the course of a week or two, do you not?"

"No—I had not heard! Let me look at that nonsense!"

She took the slip he was twisting between his fingers; perused it scrutinizingly, probably to assure herself that no two sentences were penned by the same individual; cast it down contemptuously upon the pile with the rest; arose, and left the room.

The entrance of a servant with a tray of refreshments diverted the attention of the others, and Robert was not long in finding and improving a favorable opportunity for following Helen. They often met when there was company in the parlor, in the dining-room just across the hall, where the fire was never suffered to go out in cold weather, and since he had signified to her earlier in the evening, his wish to see her alone, by-and-by, it argued no unreasonable vanity on his part that he fully expected to find her there awaiting him. But the room was deserted. The fire had been recently replenished, doubtless by some sagacious servant, in anticipation of the conference he hoped for, and the ruddy shine showed him distinctly every object in the spacious apartment. An unlighted candle was on the table; two comfortable chairs were set in affectionate and suggestive proximity to one another, in front of the hearth.

"She will be in presently!" was his mental comment upon the disappointment, and he sat down to bide her pleasure or conveniece.

Five—ten—fifteen minutes went by, and while he chafed less at the delay than a more irritable man would have done, he yet experienced a growing and disagreeable sentiment of impatience.

"At last!"

Footsteps approached along the corridor. He stood up to welcome the late-comer with no intention of offering her a reproach, or even a remonstrance. True gallant that he was, he never thought of assailing her with such. If he were her knight, he was her vassal, likewise; bowed to her will in glad humility, as in courtly grace. His countenance changed as he listened. Helen's light foot never trod the floor with that lazy shuffle; nor was it her habit, even in the days when she "used to be so wild," to proclaim her coming by whistling,

"Possum up a gum-tree,
Raccoon in a hollow."

But it was a melodious whistle and deftly executed; the original melody being artistically varied by fantastic trills and cadenzas, and it was a good-humored face which was illumined by the candle borne in the intruder's hand.

"Beg pardon, Mars' Robert! Come far Marster heavy boots! He want 'em, byme by!"

He was a negro lad of fourteen or thereabouts—boot-black, errand-boy and assistant waiter; a knowing, saucy imp, who stood in awe of but two living creatures, his master and his father.

"Dey ain't in here arter all!" he ejaculated, in well-feigned surprise, having made an exploration of all unlikely and impossible hiding-places for the required articles—such as the sideboard, knife-box and plate-warmer. "Dat's too bad!"

"I saw a pair in the hall when I came through just now," said Robert, whose instinct it was to help every one, no matter how lowly his station, out of trouble, whatever might be its nature.

"Thank you, sur! I'm obleeged to you!"

He halted in backing towards the door as if just struck by an idea.

"If you please, Mars' Robert, would you mind asking Miss Helen if she will have a fire made up in de office? It's cold for her to be a-settin' ther to-night—and damp besides. To be sure, the chimbly has what you may call a 'different deliverer, and does smoke pretty bad for a while arter the fire is kindled—but, ef she likes to set thar, she ought to have one, and I'm 'tirely at her service—ef you'd be so kind as to say so to hur, sur!"

"I will! Here, Gabriel!"

He tossed the boy a coin, which was caught dexterously, and, without advancing to hear the profusion of thanks that ensued upon the receipt of the gift, Robert entered the long, dark hall by which Gabriel had come to the dining-room. This led to a wing of the building which was mostly taken up by store-rooms, and closets, and at the farther end by what was termed "the office." Not that any of the *Floyds* had ever professed to practice law or medicine, unless it had been some obscure younger son, whose very name had passed away from family traditions. No one now upon the earth knew from what usage or circumstance the apartment had derived its name—only, it had always been called "the office" within the memory of this generation, and innovations upon former customs were not popular in the connexion. There were scores of ancient volumes, with yellow pages and worm-eaten bindings, packed into two book-cases on different sides of the room; in one corner was an antiquated spinnet, its keys dumb or discordant, its gayly-ornamented top cracked and defaced; in another a dusty spinning-wheel, minus a leg, leaned against the wall. There were chairs in various stages of dilapidation—legless, backless and bottomless; and a spindle-shanked, ricketty table or two; a general flavor of mustiness and cobwebs, the chilliness of a vault and the choking dryness of a disused garret pervading all.

Anything more ill-suited to be the bower selected by beauty for lovers' tryst, could hardly be imagined, yet Robert Lay saw and thought of nothing except the figure that started back from the moonlighted window, as he unclosed the creaking door. He spoke promptly to reassure her.

"Nelly! Darling! why are you here all alone?"

No answer—but there was light enough for him to perceive her further recoil into the darkness behind her; to note the drooping head and arms crossed upon her breast.

"Are you unhappy? Is there anything which I can do for you? Or had you rather I should not interrupt you at present?" he pursued, not offering to advance from his position at the entrance.

"No! no!" she laughed, and came forward to meet him. "This is my old Cave of Melancholy—the grotto of Trophonious; my chosen resort in my earlier and more haughty days. Oh! the tears that have watered these dusty boards! the bursts of angry and pathetic declamation to which these stained walls have lent patient ears! But you see I can laugh now in reviewing those—my callow days!"

Robert was not deceived by this show of high spirits. He had taken her hand and drawn her to the window, while she was speaking. Her cheeks were flushed, her hand hot in his.

"And the naughty world has dared to use you ill again, has it, although you *are* now a full-fledged bird?"

"Did I say so?" she asked, in quick evasion.

"I infer as much from finding you in the depths of your sorrowful grotto."

"Oh! my visit to-night was a whim. Not that I have not had a touch of the blues all day—"

"I have observed this evening, that you were hardly in your usual spirits—a trifle below concert pitch, I should say. Will you not let me share your trouble or annoyance? relieve it, *if I can?*"

He ventured to steal his arm around her! the love and sympathy depicted in his countenance were plainly to be read by the brightness of the moonbeams, pouring over them, at that instant. She did not repel him, albeit she was generally shy of caresses from her betrothed. She even looked up, as his soothing, love-full accents saluted her ears, then, meeting that eloquent gaze, burst into a stormy flood of tears, and buried her face in her hands.

"Robert! Robert! if I could only tell you all!"

"Perhaps that 'all' is not so profound a secret to me as you imagine, dearest!"

He clasped her more firmly, as she would have started from his side.

"Love's eyes are very keen, and mine have discerned much that you, from an over-strained or unsearchable sense of honor, would have concealed."

Her sobbing had ceased, but her head was bowed more lowly still, and she trembled violently.

"In this respect, and, in this alone, I have been disposed to accuse you of injustice to me, Nelly. When I gave you my love—or to speak more accurately—when you accepted it—for I cannot remember the time when my heart was not yours!—when you accepted my love, I gave you my whole confidence, and entreated that you should be equally unreserved with me. While I cannot fail to admire and appreciate the delicacy that has restrained you upon this point—for it is both a difficult and a delicate matter to bring a charge of unworthiness against one who is so nearly related—"

She threw off his arm; raised a pale, haughty face, whose flashing eyes fairly appalled him.

"You are laboring under a strange misapprehension, Mr. Lay! I have no accusation of any kind—certainly none of unworthiness, to bring against the person of whom you speak. Your information is utterly incorrect, or your imagination has wandered wildly, if you believe the contrary."

"Nelly!" articulated the astonished lover, "listen to me! It is not my imagination that wanders now. Surely, the bond which unites you to him who hopes, in less than two months, to call you his wife, is as strong as that binding you to Colonel Floyd—your guardian, indeed, but merely your uncle-in-law! I ask your forgiveness, if I have erred in supposing that this house was an uncongenial home, from which you have often longed to escape; if I have fancied that Colonel Floyd was, at times, a harsh, and, to one of your disposition, an unwelcome protector. But, while sympathizing with you in the many trials you bear so beautifully, I do not pretend to deny that, out of this bitterness, has sprung some sweetness to me. I have loved to picture to myself how different shall be your daily life when you are all mine, the queen of my home, partner of my fortunes as you are now of my affections. Again let me entreat your pardon, if I have offended or grieved you by this my first allusion to a subject concerning which you have heretofore avoided speaking. But, my pet—does it not seem preposterous in us, situated as we are, to cherish these foolish, petty reserves?"

"It is I, who should sue for your forgiveness. I was petulant—unjust! I did not understand you! Will you pardon me?"

His answer was a fervent kiss upon the hand she extended.

"It is as you have said!" she continued in the same altered tone—gentle—pleading—almost humble. "This has never been a happy home to me. I will be as frank as you can desire upon this theme; will discard the reserve you deem foolish and childish. My aunt is kind and means well. She could not treat anything unkindly, you know, but although my father was her brother, she loves me more nearly to one another than she and I ever can."

"I understand!" Robert smiled, a little queerly—a gleam that was not too complimentary to Mrs. Floyd's favorite.

"I do not murmur at this," added Helen. "I have never experienced a moment's jealousy of Lily. She is lovely and engaging, and was born to win affection. She used to call me her sister, and seemed to esteem me as such; yet, she has changed greatly within the past six months. She does not mean to be unjust, still, she treats me coldly and will assign no reason for the revolution in her feelings or manner. Colonel Floyd—my uncle—never professed any regard for me—in fact, I have seen, from the time I came to live here—that he disliked me. He is more irritable now than ever before—sometimes says things that are very hard to bear. Oh, Robert! but for you I should be driven to the belief that I have not the power of retaining the love of any one! The scanty share of this—Life's best gift—which Providence ever bestowed upon me seems all to have slipped away. Nobody cares for me now—nobody!"

She wrung her hands and moaned.

It was a moment of the most exquisite pain the listener ever endured. Blest—rich beyond all possibility of spirit-need—in the consciousness of possessing her affection, he could not comprehend this agony of poverty of which she complained. He would fain have hoped to fill her heart—if not so full as she had his—yet, so well as to leave her no cause for such repinings. Repressing the expostulation he felt would be selfish and cruel, he told her anew, in words whose fervor was not diminished by the sadness in which they were uttered—of his devotion, single and entire; his trust that coming years had in reserve for her, sunshine that should beguile her into forgetfulness of the gloomy Past.

She heard him with calming pulses and more composed mien. Presently, the bowed face was uplifted, and her eyes sought his again—a look that was reverence, admiration—was it love? So it seemed to his sanguine apprehension, as he laid the unresisting head upon his breast, and bent to the still quivering lips.

"My own Nelly! my precious Love! my *Wife!*"

A cloud, crossing the moon's disc, wrapped everything in obscurity for some moments. The room was upon the ground-floor;—the window still low, and, as the moonlight broke forth again and suddenly, there fell upon, or between the lovers, the shadow of a man—a long, dark figure, with a gun in its hand.

Helen started, with a terrified ejaculation.

"Hush!" whispered Robert, smiling. "You know who it is?"

"Yes—but it was so unexpected! so like an evil thing! Come back here, where he cannot see you! He may look in."

"What if he does?" returned the young gentleman, bravely. "I hope he will be edified by the spectacle!"

But he retired into the shade of the interior of the apartment at her reiterated entreaty.

The master of the mansion—for he was the startling apparition—remained motionless and sentry-like, his back towards the window for perhaps three minutes, when his shadow was joined by another, shorter, stouter and less erect. This belonged to his only confidential servant—the head man in the field, and sub-manager of the estate, a negro named Booker, who was sire to the redoubtable Gabriel and to the rest of the slaves, not only a taskmaster, exacting and pitiless, but a veritable tyrant, a meet tool in the hands of his unscrupulous owner. He, too, had his weapon—a thick cowhide, and, after a brief conference, the pair moved on.

"Do you patrol your plantation in person?" questioned Helen, abruptly.

"Neither in person, nor by proxy! On the contrary, I have never permitted any patrolling-gang to enter or search my servants' quarters, except upon very rare occasions, when they had a warrant to examine my premises, together with those of others in the neighborhood, for stolen property."

"I am very glad! I cannot describe to you the sensations of disgust and dread which I experience, whenever I happen to espy those two upon their nightly round. They go at irregular hours—sometimes as early as nine o'clock—at others, not until midnight, that they may take trespassers by surprise. Every person is expected to be in his cabin by ten, and if a visitor be discovered, he is peremptorily ordered off if he has a pass—punished if he has not. You must have heard that Colonel Floyd shot a poor fellow—one of the Reverdy servants, last year?"

"I did! But he caught him thieving, did he not? That is the popular version of the transaction."

"That was the story set in circulation to palliate the act, for Mr. Reverdy is not a man to submit to wanton injury, as Colonel Floyd well knows. But the facts of the case are just these:—The negro who was shot, a very decent, well-behaved young fellow—was in love with Sally, my maid. For some reason, best known to himself, Colonel Floyd conceived a dislike for him, and forbade his coming upon the plantation, 'with his master's permission or without.' I was aware that they still met clandestinely, in spite of this prohibition, and several times warned Sally of the danger they incurred by so doing. One night they were straying along the edge of the melon-patch, when Colonel Floyd hailed them by name, and demanded what they were doing there. The girl ran one way; the man another. Unfortunately he went directly across the field of melons. When midway he was fired at and severely wounded. Appearances supported the statement of his pursuers—Booker was in attendance upon his master—that he was in the act of purloining the melons, and 'on the side of his oppressor there was power.' Poor Sally! Lily far better than she does her niece by blood. I try to please and to be dutiful to her; I am sincerely grateful for all she has done for me, but she and *Lily* *assimilate more nearly to one another than she and I ever can.*"

MR. HOBBS ON LOCKS.

At a recent meeting of the American Institute, the famous Mr. Hobbs was present—when the following discussion took place:—

LOCKS.

Mr. Bull—Mr. Chairman, I proposed this subject of locks with a view of getting some information on the subject from a gentleman of the very highest eminence in this department. I have the honor of introducing to the meeting Mr. Hobbs.

The Chairman—Mr. Hobbs will have the floor.

Mr. Hobbs—I came here, Mr. Chairman, with the expectation of participating in a discussion on the subject of locks, and not with a view of delivering a discourse on it.

Mr. Bull—I hope Mr. Hobbs will favor us with some remarks on the subject.

Mr. Hobbs—Without models or drawings, Mr. Chairman, it will be impossible to explain the details of construction; I will, therefore, confine myself to the general principles of security against picking. All locks may be divided into two classes. The first class is that of locks with wards, in which fixed obstructions are secured in the box or about the key-hole, to prevent the key from turning unless openings are cut out from the bit to correspond with the wards. These locks have been made in great variety, and the wards have been fashioned in very ingenious forms to make it difficult to fit keys to them. But the difficulties are easily overcome by introducing a blank key with a coating of wax and turning it against the wards, which impress their positions and forms upon the wax. A skeleton key is then made, not to fit all the wards, but simply with the bit constructed to pass them, by which means the lock can be opened. This class of locks has been abandoned where great security is required.

In the other class of locks the obstructions to the motion of the bolt are moveable. These movable obstructions are usually called tumblers, but why they should receive this name I do not know; they certainly do not tumble. But whether tumblers, latches, pins, slides, or wheels, these locks belong properly all to the same class, though they have been made in endless variety. In the most simple the tumblers or latches must be raised high enough and no harm is done if they are raised higher; but a more difficult lock to pick is that in which, if the tumblers are raised too high, their hold upon the bolt is renewed. In another variety of this class the tumblers move partly in one direction and partly in the other.

The senses that can be made available in lock-picking are seeing, hearing, and feeling, and all the devices which have been invented for increasing the security of locks have been intended to baffle these senses. All locks constructed up to a certain period can be opened by feeling the pressure imparted to the obstructions by the effort to withdraw the bolt, or by tracing the impression left by the key along the bellies of the tumblers. But these operations were prevented by constructing locks without keyholes; the obstructions being adjusted by means of a dial and index on the outside, or by having the keyhole entirely closed during the movement of the bolt, so that the pressure on the obstructions could not be detected by feeling. Those varieties of locks have been opened by measuring the motion of the bolt by means of a micrometer. Micrometers are made to multiply 20,000 times; so that if the bolt moves a distance equal to the thickness of a sheet of tissue paper, the instrument indicates a thickness of 20,000 sheets.

In order to make a secure lock it is necessary to know all of the methods of picking. As soon as lockmakers discover any new method of picking, new devices are introduced to guard against it. The locksmiths thus far have kept far in advance of the burglars in the knowledge of lock-picking; no burglar ever having picked the best lock of the time.

The ward lock is very ancient; I have seen those that were taken from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and they were in common use among the Romans. The first lock with movable obstructions was Egyptian. There is one in use in Egypt now, which is a very good lock. The bolt is furnished with pins, and the key has pins to correspond, and if the pins are pushed too far into the bolt, those in the key enter the holes and stop the movement of the bolt.

Mr. Butler—The Egyptian locks are made of wood, are they not?

Mr. Hobbs—Generally of wood, though I have seen them of iron. I might give you some account of my adventures in England, but I will not tire your patience.

[Cries of "Go on!" "Go on!" "Go on!"]

The great excitement at the Exhibition of 1851 was caused by the picking of the Bramah lock. As I was walking down Picadilly, I saw a sign in a window which I read as a very fair challenge to pick the lock. I went in and asked the attendant if they would really give 200 guineas to any one who would pick that lock? He replied:—

"Can't you read?"

"Yes," said I, "I can read, but I do not believe everything that I read."

I asked him if he would allow me to look at that lock, and he handed it down, I took out my knife and began to feel of the slides, when he interrupted me with the remark:—

"If you want to try to pick the lock you can have a chance at it in a room with our foreman, but you can't be fooling with it here."

Then a gentleman came forward, and asked me if I was a lock-maker. I told him that I was not, and asked him if they really meant to offer the reward of 200 guineas, according to their placard. He said that they did, when I remarked that I should like to have a chance to try it. He said:—

"Perhaps you did not observe the terms of the [illegible]."

I then examined it more closely, and it read that [illegible] who will produce an instrument that will pick this lock, shall receive 200 guineas reward the instant that it is produced."

I remarked, "I certainly did not observe the terms of your challenge; I supposed that it meant something, but I see that it does not. The public suppose that you offer to give 200 guineas to any one who will pick that lock. Now you will either have to say that, or I will make you take down that sign."

It so happened that on the following day the *London Times* had an article describing a case of jewels belonging to Hope, the banker, and in the course of that article it was stated that the case was secured with one of Chubb's locks; the remark being added, "If we understand the matter rightly, an American gentleman throws down the gauntlet and offers to pick both Chubb's and Bramah's." This questioning the security of the locks was too much for both, and Chubb and Bramah each published a letter in reply; Bramah's letter closing thus:—"If the American gentleman or any other person will pick our lock he shall receive the 200 guineas reward."

With a paper in my hand containing this statement, I called at Bramah's establishment and demanded an opportunity to test their lock, and to avoid all disputes suggested the appointment of arbitrators, to make arrangements and decide upon the fairness of the test. This proposition was acceded to by them, and Messrs. John Rennie, Dr. Black and Prof. Cowper were appointed. The lock offered for testing was a large padlock with eighteen slides, the keyhole being five-eighths of an inch in diameter, and the drill pin one-fourth of an inch. Thus the space around the drill pin was only three-sixteenths of an inch and was divided into eighteen sections, allowing very delicate instruments only to be introduced. In their ordinary locks the spring to press the slides up is of a strength of from one to three pounds, but in that lock it was of a strength of fourteen pounds, and the great difficulty was in getting instruments small enough to enter the space, and, at the same time, sufficiently strong to overcome the pressure of this spring. It took me fifty-six hours to prepare the instruments and open the lock, after which I locked and unlocked it three times in one hour, in presence of the arbitrators. After the lock was opened, the owners fell back on their original challenge, saying that the offer was for any instrument that would open it, and I had used instruments. But the arbitrators decided that I had complied with the terms made with me, and that the money must be paid. It was accordingly paid, and I, perhaps foolishly, took the gold down to the Crystal Palace and put it into my case. In all the articles that were published on the subject, there was only one that scratched me. The Chronicle remarked that Mr. Hobbs had opened the Bramah lock and received the two hundred guineas, and, with a true Barnum touch, had exhibited the gold.

In England, as well as in this country, all sorts of people—lawyers, doctors and merchants—are constantly inventing unpickable locks. When I was there I received one day a letter from Mr. William Brown, of the firm of Brown Brothers & Co., requesting me to call upon him. I went, quite elated, thinking that I was going to sell the firm a lock. After talking awhile Mr. Brown told me that he had invented a lock, which he proceeded to describe to me, and then asked my opinion of it. I told him that I could not judge of it without seeing either a model or drawings.—He asked me directly if I could pick it, and I did not say that I could, although I was satisfied from his description that it could be easily opened. Some time afterward I saw a report of a meeting of the Liverpool Archæological Society, at which Mr. William Brown read a paper on locks. The paper was mostly occupied with an account of his own lock, and in it he said that he had explained the lock to Mr. Hobbs, and asked him if he could pick it, and he did not say that he could. From this Mr Brown argued that it could not be picked. Not long afterward I went to Liverpool and called on Mr. Brown.

"Ah, Mr. Hobbs," he said, "you are the very man I want to see. I have had a new safe made and have had one of my locks put on to it. I want to show it to you."

It was a dial lock, with a wrench to throw forward the bolt. Said Mr. Brown:

"What do you think of it? can it be picked?"

"I do not know," I said, "whether it can or not. I suppose you don't consider this wrench is anything?"

"Oh no," said Mr. Brown, "anybody can get that."

"Well, if I was going to try to pick the lock I should put on the wrench in this way, and attempt to move the bolt. Then I should feel of these dials with the other hand."

Presently the bolt moved a little way.

"Ah," said Mr. Brown, "you are no nearer to it now than you were in the beginning. That is the very thing about this lock."

"Yes," said I, "I understand the wheels have false notches."

I kept him engaged in conversation, telling him how I should try to pick the lock, and he explaining that it could not be picked. Presently his cashier came and told him that a gentleman wanted to see him; and, just as he turned to leave, the bolts flew back. He turned round at the noise, and I quietly remarked to him that he had better look his safe before he left, as I did not like to be left with so much money before me. The whole affair occupied less than ten minutes.

Mr. Butler—The object of making locks like that, without a keyhole, is to prevent them from being blown up with gunpowder.

Mr. Fisher—When gunpowder is used, is the safe generally destroyed or is the lock merely blown open?

Mr. Butler—The door is very apt to be blown off. I remember one case up the North River, where a lumber yard was robbed. The safe was taken from the office and blown up, and a large fragment of the door was found on the top of one of the piles of boards.

Mr. Stetson—Do the burglars usually succeed in getting the treasure without interruption when they blow up a safe?

Mr. Butler—They usually smother the noise by covering the safe with cloth. They then secret themselves till they are certain that no alarm has been given, when they return and take the treasure.

Mr. Bull—What has become of the lock that was offered here to be picked some weeks ago?

Mr. McWilliams—I have more orders for my locks than I can fill, and am busy enlarging my works, but as soon as I get time, I intend to bring the lock here and offer it for trial.

Mr. Bull—I should like Mr. Hobbs's opinion of that lock, for if it cannot be picked I should like one on my front door.

Mr. Hobbs—That is a tumbler lock with false notches in the tumblers, and possesses the same amount of security as all locks of similar construction. To pretend that such a lock is unpickable is simply ridiculous. I have no doubt, however, that any well-constructed lock with four or more notched tumblers is sufficiently secure for any street door.

WHAT SHE WANTS.

I want to take ethereal flights
Above this world of ours,
And bask beneath the sunshine bright
In God's celestial bowers.

And when my course of life is done,
And death's hands on me laid,
I want to lay me down and die—
But not a sour old maid.

☞ He who loves a lady's complexion, form, and features, loves not her true self, but her soul's mere clothes.

☞ Lord Dundreary on the War.—There's one thing wel-welative to the w-war now w-waging in Amewica th-that I-I could n-never un-understand. They c-call it a *civil* war. N-now, if several th-thousand fellahs think pwoper to go out in-into a field to t-twy which fellah c-can cut the other fellah to pieces, c-can any we-weasonable fellah be bwought to th-think it a *civil* action? If the A-Amewicans consider this civil, w-what on earth m-must they be w-when they get in a w-wage?

☞ Bull Run Russell expatiates much on the decisive results possible under European generalship. American officers lack the genius and experience of old world commanders, as he opines, and an importation of the latter commodity would change into quick activity the current of affairs. He seems to think we have forgotten the tedious Peninsular campaigning of Wellington, the long delays which preceded the capture of Sebastopol, and the small-like progress of the French army towards the Mexican capital. Had we the pick and choice of European officers, it is extremely doubtful whether they could do better than our own.—*North American.*

☞ Beecher says:—"The devil does not trap us twice alike. If yesterday he came through vanity, to-day he will come through pride. If to-day he comes on one side, to-morrow he will come on another. And we are always watching the hole that he came in last, while he is coming in at another. We are guarding an empty hole while he is digging a new one."

THE SLEEPING SENTINEL.

When the great Theban, in his midnight tramp,
A sleeping guard beside the postern saw,
He slew him on the instant, that the camp
Might read in blood a soldier's swerveless law.

"Blame not your General!"—pointing to the slain—
The wise, severe Epaminondas said—
"I was not cruel, comrades, for 'tis plain
I only left him, as I found him, dead!"

☞ Russell, the Times' correspondent, still holds up his farthing candle to enlighten the British public on American affairs. By its aid he has peered closely into the secret springs of human action, and discovers that America is encouraged to persevere in her civil war through a feeling of gratified vanity! The combatants are so pleased with the strong interest which Europe condescends to manifest in the struggle, that they protract the deadly game in part on that account. Such are the deliberate utterances of an unmitigated cockney.—*North American.*

☞ A Narrow Escape.—Orange or lemon juice left upon a knife, or other piece of iron, will, in a few days, produce a stain so nearly resembling that caused by blood as to deceive the most careful observer; and not many years ago, in Paris, a man was nearly convicted of murder, owing to a knife being found in his possession stained with what was pronounced by several witnesses to be blood, but afterward discovered to be simply lime juice.

☞ A Mr. N. was about completing the sale of a horse which he was very anxious to dispose of, when a little urchin appeared and innocently inquired—"Grandpa, which horse are you goin' to sell, dat one you built a fire under him yesterday to make him draw?" The bargain was at an end.

☞ In chemistry, the way to part two bodies is to introduce a third. The same holds true in other departments. To increase the distance between a pair of lovers all that is required is to let Willie walk into the back parlor with a lighted candle in his hand.

☞ With a double vigilance should we watch our actions, when we reflect that good and bad ones are never children; and that, in both cases, the offspring goes beyond the parent—every good begetting a better, every bad a worse.

☞ One hour lost in the morning will put back all the business of the day; one hour gained by rising early will make one month in the year.

☞ The report that Mrs Douglas is engaged to be married to a Cabinet Minister, is false, and merely a canard gotten up by some of the writers of the gossip from Washington.

☞ Kindness is a language, which not only the dumb can speak, but the deaf can understand.

THE TWO GEORGES.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

Scene—*The Elysian Fields.*

Shade of King George III. What—what—what? Yes—yes—yes. It *is* Mr. Washington. Don't avoid me, don't avoid me, don't avoid me. No ill feelings here, you know.

Shade of Mr. George Washington. I beg your Majesty's pardon. I was, I believe, lost in thought, and did not observe whom I was approaching. I offer your Majesty my best New Year congratulations on the prosperity of your illustrious descendants.

Sh. Geo. III. Thanks, thanks, thanks. Very genteel of you, I am sure, but you were always a gentleman. Yes, all goes well in the tight little island—my grand-daughter is the best of Queens, my great-grand-daughters are the best of Princesses, and my great-great-grandbabies are the best of babies. Nothing to say against that, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing.

Sh. Geo. W. The condition of the British Empire must indeed be highly satisfactory to her former ruler. I regret that, *mutato nomine*, I cannot say the same thing of another nation.

Sh. Geo. III. Didn't like to mention it first, no, no, no, no. But as you have mentioned it, no harm in saying that there seems to be rather a pretty kettle of fish on the fire in America.

Sh. Geo. W. It is so, Sire, and to avail myself of your Majesty's very graceful and elegant illustration, I fear there is no fairy to stop out of the wail and say, "Fish, fish, fish, art thou in thy duty."

Sh. Geo. III. Ha! Very good, very good. Remember that story—saw it in a pantomime with Charlotte at Old Drury—we were very fond of pantomimes, Charlotte and I—great fun to see the Clown burn his friend with the hot poker—very good, very good, very good. Suppose you didn't care about pantomimes, eh, Mr. Washington? Too clever for such things. But what's all your cleverness done for America, eh, eh, eh?

Sh. Geo. W. I own myself disappointed with results, your Majesty, and I wish that the American people had not been such obstinate Tories.

Sh. Geo. III. Eh! what? Eh! what? Eh! what? American Tories. Come, come, come, come, a little too good that. American Tories? No, no, that won't do, jacobins, radicals, levellers, atheists, destructives, what you like, but not Tories, everybody knows that, everybody knows that.

Sh. Geo. W. I must, at the risk of being charged with obstinacy, a quality very repugnant to your Majesty, adhere to my words.

Sh. Geo. III. What? what? Tories, Tories. What d'ye mean, Master George.

Sh. Geo. W. I mean, your Majesty, that if like Englishmen, the Americans had taken a few revolutions quietly and by instalments, they would not now be murdering one another by the thousand.

Sh. Geo. III. I don't see, I don't see.

Sh. Geo. W. Your Majesty was good enough to come among us about forty years ago. Since that time England has emancipated the Dissenters—

Sh. Geo. III. Yes, yes, bad fellows, Dissenters, no doubt of that, except Quakers—and Quakeresses—bad people, Dissenters.

Sh. Geo. W. Has emancipated the Papists.

Sh. Geo. III. Yes, yes, very wicked thing to do—sooner have lost my head at Whitehall.

Sh. Geo. W. Has reformed her Parliament.

Sh. Geo. III. Yes, yes, and quite needless; great mistake, let in the mob, ruined the country.

Sh. Geo. W. Has abolished the Corn Laws.

Sh. Geo. III. Yes, yes cruel thing to the farmers. I was a farmer myself, they should never have done it if I had been alive.

Sh. Geo. W. Has adopted Free Trade.

Sh. Geo. III. Yes, yes. Awful error, find it out some day.

Sh. Geo. W. And has ceased to admit that she did anything wrong in removing the head of a King who forgot his duty. Come, your Majesty, those little matters, spread neatly over forty years, seem to me to make up a series of revolutions in Church and State affairs.

Sh. Geo. III. Well, well, well. Yes, yes, yes. If you put it that way, I don't know that you haven't got something to say for yourself; Yes, you hinted that I was obstinate, I understood you, Mr. George, but I don't mind allowing that you have something to say.

Sh. Geo. W. Yes, Sire, and perhaps I may say one thing more while you are in an assenting temper. But for all these revolutions, I might not have had the honor of congratulating your Majesty just now upon the prosperity and security of your Royal House. As for America—we must wait and see.

[*Vanishes.*

Sh. Geo. III. Eh? eh? eh? He's bolted. Thought I was going to have a victory over him, and he has turned the tables and gained one over me. I don't mind owning that, as there's nobody to hear me. Yes, yes, yes, yes, there's a good deal to be said on that side. Very rude of him, though, now I come to think of it. I'll go and ask Billy Pit what he says. Six revolutions in forty years. A disagreeable way of putting the matter—very disagreeable—so I'll go and tell it to Charlotte.

[*Exit.*

☞ What is the difference between a Tong and a Garotter? The one is a black choker, whilst the other is a white choker.—*Punch.*

☞ A conclave of the leading fashionable ladies have determined, it is said, to revive the obsolete custom of powdering the head, and have appeared at several parties and balls with their hair done up in the old style and then covered with powder. "Beauty-patches" are also to come in. Gentlemen are expected to resume ruffles, red coats, swords, and curled wigs.

JEFFERSON ON NEW ENGLAND.

A paragraph is going the rounds to the effect that Jefferson deprecated a separation of the southern states from New England, because it was better to quarrel with this section than among themselves. We presume this statement is based on the following extract of a letter written by Jefferson to John Taylor in 1798:—

"Suppose the New England states alone cut off, will our nature be changed? Are we not men still to the south of that, with all the passions of men? Immediately we shall see a Pennsylvania party and a Virginia party arise in the residuary confederacy, and the public mind will be distracted by the same party spirit. What a game too will the one party have in their hands, by eternally threatening the other that unless they do so and so, they will join their northern neighbors. If we reduce our Union to Virginia and North Carolina, immediately the conflict will be established between the representatives of these two states, and they will end by breaking into their simple units. Seeing, therefore, that an association of men who will not quarrel with one another is a thing which never yet existed, from the greatest confederacy of nations down to a town meeting or a vestry; seeing that we must have somebody to quarrel with, I had rather keep our New England associates for that purpose, than to see our bickerings transferred to others. They are circumscribed within such narrow limits, and their population is so full, that their numbers will ever be the minority, and they are mariolized, like the Jews, with such a perversity of character, as to constitute from that circumstance, the natural division of our parties."

Jefferson very clearly comprehended the utter impossibility of forming an entirely harmonious Union even between two contiguous states, and this is one of the strongest possible arguments against secession. Divide the Union upon any line, and other divisions would follow until it would be resolved into its original elements.

The "perversity" of New England character, spoken of by Jefferson, was simply political non-conformity. New England was then the fountain head of Federalism. Nine years later, when he was in the Presidential chair, and the Massachusetts Legislature voted an address expressive of their satisfaction with the administration of our government, Jefferson expressed the following modified opinions:—

"In whatever tended to strengthen the Republican features of our constitution, we could not fail to expect from Massachusetts, the cradle of our revolutionary principles, an ultimate concurrence; and cultivating the peace of nations, with justice and prudence, we yet were always confident that whenever our rights were to be vindicated against the aggression of foreign foes, or the machinations of internal conspirators, the people of Massachusetts, so prominent in the military achievements which placed our country in the right of self-government, would never be found wanting in their duty to the calls of their country or the requisitions of their government."

OLD AND NEW STYLES.

It is generally known that Julius Cæsar, about forty five years before the Christian era, reformed the calendar on the basis of the year consisting of 365 days and 6 hours. This was a marvellous approach to accuracy, considering the astronomy of the times; but it was not quite accurate, as it made the year nearly 11 minutes too long. The error was corrected by Pope Gregory XIII., in 1582, by which time the odd minutes had accumulated to 10 days.—Accordingly his Holiness ordained that 10 days should be deducted from 1582, by calling what, according to the old calendar, would have been reckoned the 5th of October the 15th of October that year. Most of the Catholic nations adopted the reform; but it was not till 1752 that the Gregorian calendar was adopted in this country. It was enacted (24 Geo. II.) that 11 days should be omitted after the 2nd September, 1752, so that the difference of the styles, which consisted of ten days in 1582, was now 11 days. These minutes are still accumulating; and to meet their accumulation, it is provided that "the years 1800, 1900, 2100, 2200, 2300, or any other hundredth year of our Lord which shall happen in time to come, except only every fourth hundredth year of our Lord, whereof the year 2000 shall be the first, shall not be considered as leap years." The year 1800 was not considered leap year; and since that time there have been twelve days between the old and new styles.

☞ Disappointed Pie-rocket.—"Well, if this isn't mean! Here's this feller been agoin' about with this here yeller chain, and when I pulls it out—there's no watch on the end of it. The conduct of these here flashy clerks is enough to break the heart of a poor feller like me, as has to depend on his trade for a livin'."

☞ End of the World.—Predictions are again current respecting the approaching end of the world. One reverend gentleman of the Millerite persuasion predicts universal dissolution in 1867-68. Another seer names August 17th, as the closing up of creation, adding that a world's convention will assemble at Cincinnati to "settle up the business of the past and arrange matters for the future."

☞ As a sample of English correspondence the statement is given in a London paper that two well known Confederate Generals are now living at their case in Pennsylvania on $475,000 which was paid them for surrendering the Forts at New Orleans to the Union forces without making any resistance!

☞ "How much do you pay your waiters at this saloon?" asked an irascible gent of the proprietor of a restaurant. "One dollar per diem, sir." "Well, then, credit me with thirty cents, for I waited two hours for my steak, and one hour for my muffins."

LATEST NEWS.

The Battle on the Blackwater.

New York, Feb. 1.—The New York Herald has the details of the fight near the Blackwater. Gen. Pryor crossed the Blackwater on the night of the 28th, with three regiments of rebel infantry, four detached battalions of infantry, nine hundred cavalry, and fourteen pieces of artillery. The next night Gen. Corcoran, under the orders of Gen. Peck, advanced his troops to meet them. The rebels were found ten miles from Suffolk, and a cannonading was commenced, which, after lasting two and a half hours, caused the enemy to retreat.

General Corcoran advanced all his force. His infantry, with fixed bayonets, drove the rebels nearly a mile, they leaving their killed and wounded behind.

General Corcoran continued to follow them up, and the rebels took another position two miles from the first battle field.

At the latest information by mail, Gen. Corcoran was moving to flank them.

The fight occurred on Saturday night.

The dispatch of yesterday indicates that the rebels were again driven from the last named position, and were still being pursued. Our loss was 94 killed and 60 wounded.

Miscellaneous.

Nashville, Jan. 31.—One thousand cavalry, under Forrest, with a battery of four pieces of artillery, have gone to Harpeth Shoals to await the passage of the fleet of steamboats to this point. They left from the vicinity of Franklin, Tennessee, for that place last night. A stupendous effort for capturing the boats on the Cumberland river has been determined on by the rebels. The river is at a stand, but the rain is again falling this evening.

Louisville, Feb. 1.—Morgan, with a considerable force, is reported as crossing the Cumberland river above and below Rowena, either to destroy the railroad or to obtain possession of certain points in northern or central Kentucky.

From Vicksburg we learn that the water is running through the cut from two to four feet deep, but there are no signs yet of the channel widening.

The bombardment of Galveston has been commenced.

A rebel report comes from Richmond that the gunboat J. P. Smith had been captured on Stono river. The gunboat mounted eleven guns and had a crew of 250 men.

Gen. Burnside has been offered a command in North and South Carolina, and has thirty days given him to consider the offer.

Full and satisfactory explanations have been made to the State Department by the French Minister in reference to the rumored mediation of France.

The steamer Columbia, from New Orleans and Havana, is at New York. The pirate Florida is reported off the Bahama. All is quiet in New Orleans. Gen. Banks has returned to the city. The Alabama has not been heard from.

Baltimore, Feb. 1, 1863.—Mr. A. D. Boileau, of the Evening Journal, has been released from his confinement in Fort McHenry. He has given his parole that, in future, he will not publish any matter of a treasonable or inflammatory character.

The steamer Australasian, with dates to the 19th, arrived at New York last evening. The Emperor Napoleon, in a letter to General Forey, avows that the Mexican expedition was undertaken with the intention of preventing the extension of American influence in that country.

TEMPERANCE BEVERAGES.

The English Teetotallers have printed the following card of temperance drinks:—

TEMPERANCE BEVERAGES

For Festival and Birth-Days.

Although water is the most wholesome of all liquids, yet the following are free from alcohol, and comparatively innocent, viz.:—

FOR SUMMER USE.

A Lemonade—much liked in the harvest field.

2 Lemons.
2 lbs. common Sugar,
1 gall. Water.

The sugar boiled in the water, and the lemon-juice added when cold.

Alphabetical Sherbet.

Citric Acid 1½ oz. } mix
Ess. of Lemon 50 drops } well.

Dissolve 4 lbs. loaf sugar in 2 pints boiling water: add the acid mixture—stir up well—bottle and cork it.—A small wine-glass full enough for a tumbler of water.

Capillaire

Juice of Morella cherries, adding the kernels.

Indian Sperset—Spruce Beer.

Raspberry Vinegar.

Sherbets—of pine apple and other fruits.

Fruit Essences may be had genuine of Hedges and Dytches, Chemists, Kensington.

Soda Water and Milk.

Temperance Champagne, 25s. per doz., or 15s. per doz. pints. Sold by Messrs. T. Kettle & Co., High Holborn, and other Wine Merchants.

FOR WINTER USE.

Onion Porridge, with milk or with water.

Juice of Morella Cherries, hot with sugar and nutmeg—very delicious.

"Sanspaun" Punch.

Milk—eggs—ginger and nutmeg, heated.

☞ Copper cents, nickel cents, and three-cent pieces, are all of much less intrinsic value than the sums they represent, and people will make nothing by hoarding them.

☞ Some persons would seem to have a right to spend their lives in trifling, since nature set the example by trifling when she made them.

☞ He who openly tells his friends all that he thinks of them, may expect that they will secretly tell his enemies much that they don't think of him.

☞ Spurgeon sometimes comes out with a good thing:—"Brethren," said he, "if God had referred the ark to a committee on Naval Affairs, it's my opinion it would'n't have been built yet!"

☞ A drop of the blackest ink may diffuse a light as brilliant as the light of day.

☞ That is a touching complaint made in a soldier's letter of the coffee as "unmitigated beans."

☞ In Business.—Ethan Spike writes from Hornby:—"I am about commencing the dry goods business; bevin part of my stock, such as molasses, salt fish, an a barrel of New England rum, already engaged, wich he also trusts by prompt attention to merit."

☞ A New Danger.—Tatterdemalion.—"Taint safe for a poor man to be around now that paper stuff's riz. Why, 'twas only last night that I woke up and found myself in a rag-cart, and here comes another!"

ANTIETAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Up the broad East
The red dawn from the battlements of night
Streams like a hero's banner. Open fly
Morn's golden gates, and the great sun comes forth,
Treading the flushed sky like a conqueror.
Shaking the light from her dishevelled hair,
Gleams from her lair the pale, astonished day,
On two embattled hosts that line the banks
Of swift Antietam; while the leaping beams
Fall with a sullen light on bayonets
Drawn in array, and on the edge of swords
Kindle new stars.
Hark! the wild bugle shakes the echoes down
From their old grasp of the rocks; the drum's loud tone
Rolls from the front; and on with mighty surge
Moves the grand army of the Union.
'Tis all alive; from earth's broad bosom heave
Armed men like warlike thoughts; the regiments
In massive column march; a sea of steel
Quivers in light; and like the mighty pulse
Of some vast breathing thing the long line heaves
To the drum-beat in martial unison.
In tattered splendor on the morning air
The standards droop, faint with heroic deeds
That overload their stars; and a dull roar,
Deep as the prelude to a rising storm,
Shakes trembling miles of air.
And what a world
Of thought informs this long, tremendous line!
Hopes, fears, and aspirations; dreams of home,
More bitter for their sweetness; summer thoughts,
In all war's winter; warm remembrances
That flood the present with the sunny past;
And the full leap of battle-loving souls
That burn for the onset. On some lips sit smiles,
With joy's light wings to hide their quivering,
And jests that quake in the telling; there are eyes
Wet with the thought of leaving all they loved:
And many a natural fear of the dark grave;
But not a dream of turning from the foe.
No! where that streaming banner plants the air
With freedom's stars, the spirit of the past
Springs in all hearts, and with firm lips they rush
To death as to a feast.
But hark! The boom
Of the first gun thrills down through every ear
To every soul,—the deep and deadly call
That rings war's curtain up,—and from the hill
Speak the quick rifles of the skirmishers.
Tumultuous to the front the batteries
Fly headlong, and belch thunder from their throats
Of adamant; the lines of infantry
Burst into flame, and steadily advance
Up that death-dealing hill the Union stars.
The turmoil thickens. Noise, and flame, and smoke
Distract the field, and shouts of striving men,
And the wild burst of the artillery.
A hell of flame. Earth thunders unto Heaven,
And flings her lurid lightnings in the face
Of the calm sun. Magnificent! The cloud
Of battle hangs above the combatants,
Pierced by the dart of fifty thousand tongues,
Flame-tipped and terrible, or rent in twain
By the fierce flash of cannon; while at times
Bright musket barrels through the changing smoke
Catch at the sun, or some broad gonfalon
Gleams backward from the fury of the fight,
Then dies in smoke again, while fierce as death
Two warring hosts in fearful combat joined,
Break on the shrinking sight.
But look! above!
In dread dimensions hanging on the air,
That awful shapelessness! phantasm huge,
That in such monstrous unreality
Looms o'er the field, vague as the lurid smoke
It hovers in; yet nought so terrible
As those dead, fearful eyes fixed the warm blood
Of Dante, treading down the shores of hell.
It is the reaper, Death, who hither comes
To gather in the sheaves and claim his seat
At this red harvest home. From his left hand
Drop pain and agony upon the field.
Destruction from his right; for never leaves,
By the chill lips of autumn from the trees,
In sad profusion blown, so thickly fell
As men this fiercer autumn. Everywhere
The ruinous bullets through their close-knit ranks
Rush in dense volleys, deadly freighted shells
Burst in their midst, and valor-breathing men,
In life's full gush are hurled to bleeding death.
Red Ruin sits upon the crimson plain,
And all the ether groans in agony.
Above, pale Pity floats, with streaming eyes,
All impotent to save, while Carnage stalks
In blood below. Alas! here deeds are done
To make the angels tremble in their seats
Before God's throne; to madden all the world:
Deeds that reach bloody fingers down to hell,
And pluck it up to earth.
But see! the sun
Has left the sky, and the distracted day
Ebbs into night;—but first, with one wild burst,
The Union standards surge to victory,
And sullenly rolls the retreating foe
Back from the field. Night settles over all;
The guns speak their last thunders and are still.
Silence and gloom, twin sisters, hand in hand,
Drive Day and clamor back; night's drowsy breath
Infects the atmosphere, and all the skies
Rain sleep. Ah! happy those to whom sweet sleep
Can come, upon whose eyes forgetfulness
Can press its magic juice, fraught with soft dreams,
Or kind oblivion. And happy next,
They whose last fight is fought, whose pulseless frames
Sleep the long, final sleep, upon whose brows
The wreath of victory is interlaced
With death. But oh! those sleepless eyes, that stand
In deadly vigil all this solemn night.
Grossing in torment on the crimson bed
Of pain they writhe, those pallid multitudes,
Tortured by all the cruel arts of war,
A fearful sight! that host whom warlike fame
Has trodden to the dust:—an awful scene!
Fit to make Night crouch in her ancient caves,
And Day, in horror, shut his burning eye.
Oh! never may day break upon this scene.
Loi Night and Hades here with sable wings
Brood thus forever; let the stars for light
Drop rays of blood, and the pale, gliding moon,
Faint in her shroud, while silence, like a pall,
Smothers those agonizing sounds, that fill
The trembling gloom.
Oh! must it ever be?
Must the rank sores that foster the world's heart
Be torn thus rudely out, till her warm frame
Quakes in convulsion? Is there then no balm
To heal a world disease? No tender touch
To pluck an evil from a nation's heart,
And leave no gaping wound?—nought but the blade
Of the fell surgeon, war? If this must be—
If Truth and Justice must with bleeding feet
Toil up the flinty passes of the world
To lead men on, soon may they reach their goal,
And the archangel Peace her silver crown
Plant on the brow of Time!

CRIME DETECTED.

An Anecdote of the Paris Police.

Previously to the year 1789, but at what precise date I cannot say, the city of Paris possessed as guardian of its safety, and chief minister of police, a man of rare talent and integrity. At the same period, the parish of St. Germais, in the quarter of the Rue St. Antoine, had for its cure a kind, venerable old man, whose whole life was spent in doing good to both the soul and bodies of his fellow creatures, and whose holy consistency and dignified courage caused him to be loved by the good, and respected by even the most abandoned characters. One cold, dark winter's night the bell at the old cure's door was rung loudly, and he, although in bed, immediately arose and opened the door, anticipating a summons to some sick or dying bed.

A personage, richly dressed, with his features partly concealed by a large false beard, stood outside. Addressing the cure in a courteous and graceful manner, he apologized for his unreasonable visit, which, as he said, the high reputation of monsieur had induced him to make.

"A great and terrible, but necessary and inevitable deed," he continued, "is to be done. Time presses; a soul about to pass into eternity implores your ministry. If you come you must allow your eyes to be bandaged, ask no questions, and consent to act simply as spiritual consoler of a dying woman. If you refuse to accompany me, no other priest can be admitted, and her spirit must pass alone."

After a moment of secret prayer, the cure answered, "I will go with you." Without asking any further explanation, he allowed his eyes to be bandaged, and leaned on the arm of his suspicious visitor. They both got into a coach, whose windows were immediately covered by wooden shutters, and then they drove off rapidly. They seemed to go a long way, and made many doublings and turnings ere the coach drove under a wide archway and stopped.

During this time not a single word had been exchanged between the travellers, and ere they got out the stranger assured himself that the bandage over his companion's eyes had not been displaced, and then taking the old man respectfully by the hand, he assisted him to alight and to ascend the wide steps of a staircase as far as the second story. A great door opened, as if of itself, and several thickly-carpeted rooms were traversed in silence. At length another door was opened by the guide, and the cure felt his bandage removed. They were in a solemn-looking bed-chamber; near a bed, half veiled by thick damask curtains, was a small table, supporting two wax lights, which feebly illuminated the cold, death-like apartment. The stranger (he was the Duke de ——) then bowing to the cure, led him toward the bed, drew back the curtains, and said, in a solemn tone—

"Minister of God, before you is a woman who has betrayed the blood of her ancestors, and whose doom is irrevocably fixed. She knows on what conditions an interview with you has been granted her; she knows too that all supplication would be useless. You know your duty, M. le Cure; I leave you to fulfill it, and will return to seek you in half an hour."

So saying he departed, and the agitated priest saw lying on the bed a young and beautiful girl, bathed in tears, battling with despair, and calling in her bitter agony for the comforts of religion. No investigation possible! for the unhappy creature declared herself bound by a terrible oath to conceal her name; besides, she knew not in what place she was.

"I am," sae said, "the victim of a secret family tribunal, whose sentence is irrevocable! More, I cannot tell. I forgive mine enemies, as I trust that God will forgive me. Pray for me!"

The minister of religion invoked the sublime promises of the gospel to soothe her troubled soul, and he succeeded. Her countenance, after a time, became composed, she clasped her hands in fervent prayer, and then extended them toward her consoler.

As she did so, the cure perceived that the sleeve of her robe was stained with blood.

"My child," said he, with a trembling voice, "what is this?"

"Father, it is the vein which they have already opened, and the bandage, no doubt, was carelessly put on."

At these words a sudden thought struck the priest. He unrolled the dressing, allowed the blood to flow, steeped his handkerchief in it, then replaced the bandage, concealed the stained handkerchief within his vest, and whispered—

"Farewell, my daughter; take courage, and have confidence in God."

The half hour had expired, and the step of his terrible conductor was heard approaching.

"I am ready," said the cure, and having allowed his eyes to be covered, he took the arm of the Duke de ——, and left the awful room, praying meanwhile with secret fervor.

Arrived at the foot of the staircase, the old man succeeded, without his guide's knowledge, in slightly displacing the thick bandage so as to admit a partial ray of lamplight. Finding himself in the carriage gateway, he managed to stumble and fall, with both hands forward toward a dark corner. The duke hastened to raise him, both resumed their places in the carriage, and after repassing through the same tortuous route, the cure was set down in safety at his own door.

Without one moment's delay, he called his servant.

"Pierre," he said, "arm yourself with a stick, and give me your support; I must instantly go to the minister of police."

Soon afterward the official gate was opened to admit the well-known venerable pastor.

"Monseigneur," he said, addressing the minister, "a terrible deed will speedily be accomplished, if you are not in time to prevent it. Let your agents visit before daybreak, every carriage gateway in Paris; in the inner angle of one of them will be found a blood-stained handkerchief. The blood is that of a young female, whose murder, already begun, has been miraculously suspended. Her family have condemned the victim to have her veins opened one by one, and thus to perish slowly in expiation of a fault, already more than punished by her mortal agony. Courage, my friend, you have already some hours. May God assist you—I can only pray."

That same morning, at eight o'clock, the minister of police entered the cure's room.

"My friend," said he, "I confess my inferiority, you are able to instruct me in expedients."

"Saved!" cried the old man, bursting into tears.

"Saved," said the minister, "and rescued from the power of her cruel relations. But the next time, dear abbe, that you want my assistance in a benevolent enterprise, I wish you would give me a little more time to accomplish it."

Within the next twenty-four hours, by an express order from the King, the Duke de —— and his accomplices were secretly removed from Paris, and conveyed out of the kingdom.

The young woman received all the care which her precarious state required; and when sufficiently recovered, retired to a quiet country village, where the royal protection assured her safety. It is scarcely needful to say, that next to her Maker, the cure of St. Germais was the object of her deepest gratitude and filial love. During fifteen years, the holy man received, from time to time, the expression of her grateful affection; and at length, when himself, from extreme old age, on the brink of the grave, he received the intelligence that she had departed in peace.

Never until then, had a word of this mysterious adventure passed the good priest's lips.

A LOVER'S LETTER.

Write to me often, love:
Tell me of every changing thought,
In soft-drawn shades with pleasing imagery,
And seal the words in sentences heart-wrought,
So they will to my heart most fondly fly,
And nestle there
Under the wing of prayer.

Write to me often, love:
Joy of my life, thou should'st not deem
The lightest zephyr-wish beyond my yearning care,
I gladly hear if but a vanishing dream,
Because my love hath dreamed it—Anable fair.
Where'er I rove,
Write to me often, love.

CHINESE WIVES AND MOTHERS.

The Esperrance, of Nancy, publishes the following particulars respecting the proceedings of the Society of the *Sainte Enfance*, in China, extracted from a letter written by a lady, a native of Nancy, at present residing at Hong Kong:—

"All that you have heard about Chinese children is but too true. They are not, indeed, given to pigs here, but that is the case farther in the interior. At Hong Kong, mothers come to the asylum of the *Sainte Enfance*, and offer their children for sale, as I myself saw only a day or to ago. I have just visited this asylum, kept by the nuns of St. Paul, whose principal establishment is at Chartres. While I was there the bell rang, a nun went to open it, and returned an instant after with a female infant only a few days old. The price was two hundred sapeks; but the mother, a hideous creature, wanted more, or else to have the child's clothes returned, which were, accordingly, given her. The nuns told me that there were women who carried on quite a trade in these poor babies. One had brought no less than forty to the asylum, and she confessed that, before she had the opportunity of selling them, she had thrown over six hundred into the sea. I must tell you that I stood godmother to the poor thing purchased in my presence. The great cause of all these horrors is, that the Chinese can repudiate their wives, and marry again every year. The divorced wives, according to the Chinese laws, have the right of life and death over their children, and if unable or unwilling to rear them, they get rid of them in any way they choose."

INCREASE OF OPIUM EATING.—The amount of this poisonous drug which was imported into this country last year, according to the Custom House tables, amounted to three hundred thousand pounds. It is well known that not more than one-tenth of this is used for medical purposes. A look at any crowd in New York, will show, to an acute observer, where the victims of the pest are to be found; and a health journal says: "The habit of eating opium is known to be spreading rapidly among lawyers, doctors, clergymen, and literary men; and enormous quantities are used by the manufacturers of those poisonous liquids which are dealt out in drinks in the saloons and groggeries that infest every city and village in the country."

THE HISTORY OF A HAT.

FROM THE PARIS CHARIVARI.

We were at the cafe, talking of literature and ladies, and smoking cigarettes. Suddenly Alfred made a movement, and upset the carafon of orgeat on my hat.

"In the name of all that is good!" I exclaimed, "it is the only one that I have."

We did our best to remedy the disaster, but to no purpose. By a rare chance the orgeat was a perfect syrup.

"Wash it," said the waiter.

We washed it, and from black that it was, it became white.

"Come," said Alfred, laughing, "you must decidedly purchase another."

I remained thoughtful. And you must admit that it was not surprising that I should do so. Life in Paris is Bohemian life, *par excellence*. One lives from day to day without thoughts for to-morrow and sometimes even for the evening. I am never in want of money when parties of pleasure are in question. But whenever the necessity is uppermost it is always wanting. If Alfred, instead of saying to me, buy yourself another hat, had said, we have to-night a pic-nic (piquenique in French) at two Louis a head, it would not have given rise to half so much anxiety. I should have been certain of obtaining the two Louis somewhere or other.

"What shall I do?" I muttered to myself. And I took my departure in a very melancholy frame of mind.

My hatter lived a mile and a half off. I explored my pockets. One with the other I made up twenty-six francs.

"Twenty-six francs," said I to myself; "that is more than I want. A Louis for the beaver, thirty centimes for the omnibus, I shall have five francs and more over, and that will do for the day." I awaited the omnibus. The first that came was full—"au complet."

"Good!" said I. "I shall have to wait ten minutes. I may as well smoke a cigar." So saying, I turned into a tobacconist's. There I found an acquaintance.

"It is Providence that sends you," he exclaimed. "I want a cigar, and have not a centime."

He at the same time exhibited a note for a hundred francs.

"You understand," he added, "to ask for change for a five-Louis note when one is merely spending five sous, may look suspicious."

Some day or other I will relate how it is possible in Paris not to spend a sou, with a hundred-franc note in one's pocket. I paid for my friend's cigar.

"What a bad hat you have got!" he said in return.

"The very point in question. I am on my way to purchase another. And here is the omnibus coming, so good-by."

I rushed out, but the second omnibus was even fuller than the first.

"Diable!" said I, "I shall lose the day in getting a hat. I must be energetic." So I hailed a cab that was passing by.

"I am engaged," signalized the coachman.

And at the same moment a female head appeared at the window. I uttered a little exclamation of surprise.

It was she!

She made signs that she wished to speak to me.

"Where are you going!" was her inquiry.

"I am going to the Rue St. Honore."

"So am I. If you like it, I will give you a lift."

I was delighted, and jumped in. On our way subjects for conversation were not wanting. For six long months that I had been acquainted with her, I had never ceased to torment her to come and dine with me. I naturally took the opportunity to renew my solicitations.

"Since it will afford you so great a gratification, I accept your invitation for to-day."

She said this with a smile that would have evaporated all the hats in the world. I jumped for joy, but sat down almost as suddenly.

"And my hat!" I ejaculated, mentally.

I did not purchase my hat that day. Next morning I looked at myself in the mirror when about to go out. I could not take a step in that hat. There was, however, no help, so I ran all the way to my uncle's.

"Lend me a Louis!" said I, when I had recovered my breath.

"What for!" inquired my uncle, who was accustomed to these applications.

"What for!" I exclaimed. And I held my hat to his nose.

My uncle lent me a Louis, so I started forth and ran all the way to my hatter's. The shop was shut up. On the shutters was a villainous scroll, intimating that the shop was "Ferme pour cause de mariage." It was enough to drive one mad. To go and get married the very day that I wanted a hat. It must have been done on purpose. "What shall I do?" I said to myself. "I cannot go about in this hat. I must go somewhere else."

I looked up and down the street. Not the sign of a hatter's. Well, I will take my chance. I surely can't go far before I meet with a hatter's. And as I said, after strolling along for a quarter of an hour I found a hatter's. I had just got to the doorway, when some one tapped me on the shoulder. It was Alfred.

"Unfortunate man!" he exclaimed, "I just caught you in time. Are you going to buy a hat there? Why, he is the greatest cheat in Paris. He will give you cat for beaver, and pasteboard for leather. Come to my hatter's."

"Yours! But where does he live?"

"Boulevard St Denis."

"Fichtre! That is a long way off."

"Who are cabs made for, I wonder!" vouchsafed Alfred. And signalizing at the same moment a driver, in another we were on our way.

"All very well," said I to myself; "but if I have to pay for the cab, I shall not have enough to purchase the castor." I paid.

I was obliged, in such a category, to have recourse to an old trick. When we got down from the cab, I pretended to suddenly remember that I had a friend living in the quarter that I wished to see.

"But you cannot go in that hat," persevered Alfred. "Let us buy one first."

"Oh! it is a relative," I replied, and bolted, I had still eighteen francs in my pocket. "Well," I said to myself, "there are hats to be obtained for eighteen francs that are very respectable. I am very obstinate in keeping up to the Louis. I have seen them ticketed eighteen, sixteen, ay, even ten francs. I will have one at fifteen." So I started in the search for ticketed hat-shops.

But I had not gone far before I felt certain sensations that reminded me that I had not broken my fast. What o'clock is it? Two o'clock. Well, the stomach must be considered before the head. Besides, I have eighteen francs. I have decided upon a castor of fifteen. I can dispose of three for breakfast.

I breakfasted, and the addition came to four francs.

"Good!" said I. "I can only buy a hat at fourteen, now." So I started again, in a state of considerable perturbation.

"But," said I, a sudden reflection coming across my mind, "I shall leave myself without a sou, and buy a bad hat in the bargain. Why should I not go to the head of my office?"

So I went to the office, and procured an advance of three Louis. I was going down stairs with the gait of a financier, when I was called back by Leonce, my chum at the same desk.

"Why," he said, "you are going away in forgetfulness. Don't you remember that the party is for to-day, and the expenses three Louis a head?"

"True," said I. "I had forgotten it."

"I don't believe you," observed Leonce, "for you have got the three Louis ready in your hand. I am the banker, so hand them over."

And he obligingly took charge of the sixty francs.

Next day I had six francs remaining. I bought a chance hat, rusty, badly shaped, worn out; but I take care of it as if it was the pupil of my eye.

THE REMOVAL OF ANCIENT ERROR.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Did you never, in walking in the fields, come across a large, flat stone, which had been, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little ledge, as it were, all around it, close to its edges? and have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your stick, or your foot, or your fingers, under its edge, and turned it over as a housewife turns a cake, when she says to herself, "It's done brown enough by this time." What an odd revelation, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community—the very existence of which you had not suspected, until the sudden dismay and scattering among its members produced by your turning the old stone over! Blades of grass flattened down, colorless, matted together, as if they had been bleached and ironed; hideous crawling creatures, some of them coleopterous, or horny-shelled turtle-bugs, one wants to call them; some of them softer, but cunningly spread out, and compressed like Lepine watches, black, glossy crickets, with their long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stage coaches; motionless, slug-like creatures, young larvæ, perhaps more horrible in their pulpy stillness, than even in the infernal wriggle of maturity! But no sooner is the stone turned and the wholesome light of day let upon this compressed and blinded community of creeping things, than all of them which enjoy the luxury of legs—and some of them have a good many—rush round wildly, butting each other and everything in their way, and end in a general stampede for under-ground retreats from the region poisoned by sunshine. *Next year* you will find the grass growing tall and green where the stone lay; the ground-bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole; the dandelion and the butter-cup are growing there, and the broad fans of insect-angels open and shut over their golden disks, as the rhythmed waves of blissful conscidulness pulsate through their glorified being.

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There is meaning in each of those images—the butterfly as well as the others. *The stone is ancient error. The grass is human nature borne down and bleached of all its color by it. The shapes which are found beneath are the crafty beings that thrive in darkness, and the weaker organisms kept helpless by it.* He who turns the stone over, *is whosoever puts the staff of truth to the old lying incubus*, no matter whether he do it with a serious face or a laughing one. *The next year stands for the coming time.* Then shall the nature which had lain blanched and broken *rise in its full stature and native hues in the sunshine. Then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of a new-born humanity.* Then shall beauty—Divinity taking new lines and color—light upon the souls of men as the butterfly, image of the beatified spirit, rising from the dust, soars from the shell that held a poor grub, *which would never have found wings had not the stone been lifted. You never need think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it.*

☞ HANGED HERSELF FOR A PIG.—The female heart must have something to dost upon, but only a French woman could fall in love with a *pig*. The latest recorded case of suicide in Paris, is that of a woman twenty-four years old, who had a pet pig. It fell sick and died: the woman cried as if her heart was breaking, and after the pig was interred went home and hanged herself.

THE BREEZE.

Softly and sweet the evening wind
Around me hums and plays,
And oh that the dreams would come to pass
Which it brings of golden days!
A fluttering kiss and a queenly step,
And a nobler life than mine;
And words not like the words I hear,
And a joy which is not of wine.

And they steal around me still,
Those brave and gentle forms;
And oh that a pen or a song would tell
The wish which my bosom warms!
And the dreams were made for me,
And I for the gentle dreams;
And my life shall fade, and my soul shall shut
In their wavering purple streams.

A Bride in the Land of Romance.

What more nominally romantic than an Oriental bride, a bride in Persia? And yet see how a writer describes her, in "All the Year Round:"

"A Persian bride, when first bought, is a queer little body, fattened up with rice and sweetmeats for the occasion, and sadly besmeared with cosmetics. Collyrium has been put upon her eyes to make them soft and languishing, and they are also elongated by some means, so that they may have the shape of almonds. Her hair is dyed of a coal black by indigo, or of a reddish brown by indigo and henna mixed with it, according to her own fancy or that of the broker. Her eyebrows are plastered and painted so thickly that they look like a large piece of court-plaster cut into arches, and stuck upon her face. I say a large piece, because they are joined artificially by a thick line across the nose. Her cheeks are painted in excessively bright colors, and two shiny locks of hair, gummed together, and stuck flat on each side of them, in the shape of number sixes placed the wrong way. Her hands and feet, finger nails and toe nails, are dyed a light mahogany color with henna. She has no more shape or figure than a bolster. Poor little thing! she plays such tricks with herself generally, that at twenty she is an old woman, with her skin all shrivelled and burnt up by caustic and poisoned pricks of needles. This old, undersized creature waddles about the apartment of her new lord in the finest and largest trowsers possible. She puts on a great many pairs of them, and is as proud of the size of her leg as a British damsel is of the size of her crinoline.

"She wears a smart embroidered jacket, with short sleeves, and a pretty *chemisette*, of some light white silk material, embroidered with gold threads; but her arms, and legs, and neck are bare. She hangs upon her little person as many jewels, gold coins and trinkets as she can possibly get at. She is especially fond of pearls and diamonds, but is not particular as to their beauty or value. A diamond is a diamond for her, whatever its shape or color may be. She is very fine, but never elegant. Her mind is entirely uncultivated. She has neither education nor accomplishments; but she has a good deal of flowery talk about roses and nightingales, with an undercurrent of strange roundabout wit and drollery. There is an utter want of delicacy and modesty in her conversation. She knows a great many things which she ought not to know; and, a child as she is in years, she would outwit the wisest man who ever wore a gray beard."

METHUSELAH ONLY A YOUNGSTER.

Most people have been accustomed to regard Methuselah as rather an old man, as the Good Book says he lived to be nine hundred and sixty-nine years old, when he died. But as compared with the people of whom accounts are given in the sacred writings of India, he was only a green sprippling. Mr. Buckle, referring to the statements in the Sanscrit books on the subject, says:—"The imagination of Hindus distanced all competition. Among a great number of similar facts, we find it recorded that in ancient times the duration of life of common men was 80,000 years, and that holy men lived to be upwards of 100,000. Some died a little sooner, others a little later; but in the most flourishing periods of antiquity, if we take all classes together, 100,000 is the average. Of the king, whose name was Yuoischir, it is casually mentioned that he reigned 27,000 years; while another, Alarka, reigned 66,000. They were cut off in their prime, since there were several instances of the poets living to be half a million. But the most remarkable case is that of a very shining character in Indian history, who united the functions of a king and a saint. This eminent man lived in a pure and virtuous age, and his days were indeed long in the land, since he was made king when he was 2,000,000 years old; he reigned 6,300,000 years; having done which, he resigned his empire, and lingered on for 60,000 more, when he died. Who will say, after this, that Methuselah was anything more than an exceedingly juvenile individual?"

ONCE A SPIDER ALWAYS A SPIDER.

Some famous learned men have thought out another plan of nature. Species, they say, are only resting-points and steps, where Nature rests and collects herself in order to go on further, and always from the lower to the higher, and more developed, so that an oyster ends in a crocodile, and a gnat in a serpent, and from the most developed of the lower animal come at last men and angels. This is put forward plausibly enough; only that the first and chief argument against it is, it is not true. So little does Nature advance from one species to another, that she never alters the same species or makes it more perfect. The autumn spider spun its web among the Romans in the same wonderful mathematical form, with peripheries, radius and centre, and Ælian remarks that it does its work without Euclid. He relates, moreover, that it sits in ambush in the centre of its web, as we see it sit after more than a thousand years.

THE CHERRY TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The good Lord to the spring once said,
The little worm's table now spread.
Then quick was a cherry tree seen,
Covered with leaves all fresh and green,
The little worm waked from his long winter night,
And rubbing his eyes at the sight of the light,
Placed himself at his table (needing no chair),
And with quick-tooth appetite gnawed here and there.
Oh! how sweet are these leaves, the little worm said;
One would hardly go back to one's cold winter bed.

The good Lord to the spring then said,
The little bee's table now spread.
A perfume sweet then filled the air,
Tempting the bee with the blossoms fair.
The little bee wakes with the first morning light,
And swift to the cherry tree hastens his flight;
Ah! here is my coffee in cups porcelain,
Says the little bee, smelling and smelling again.
Then he puts in his tongue, but scarcely could eat,
It wagg'd so with talking—how sweet, oh! how sweet!
Sure sugar is cheap, says he, drinking his fill
From the clean china cups—then flew o'er the hill.

The good Lord to the summer then said,
The small sparrow's table now spread.
The good tree then her blossoms cast,
And spread the sparrow's rich repast.
In place of the flowers, where the little bee fed,
Came thousands of cherries, so fresh and so red,
And the sparrow said, Is it so meant indeed?
I'll be seated then soon—no second call need.
In marrow and bone will this fruit make me strong,
And strengthen my throat for new, sweeter song.

To autumn, then, the good Lord said,
Clear off the table, all are fed.
Then hoar-frost came up from his icy abode,
And the rude autumn blasts on the storm-cloud rode,
And the wild winds moaned, as the leaves flew around,
"What comes from the dust must go back to the ground."

Then to winter, He said, to close up the scene,
Cover up what is left with a napkin clean;
And He bade the storm-cloud, that doeth His will,
And He spread His white robe on valley and hill.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXIII.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN JAN.

The afternoon express-train was steaming into Deerham-station, just as Jan Verner was leaping his long legs over rails and stones and shafts, and other obstacles apt to collect round the outside of a halting-place for trains, to get to it. Jan did not want to get to the train; he had no business with it. He only wished to say a word to one of the railway porters, whose wife he was attending. By the time he had reached the platform the train was puffing on again, and the few passengers who had descended were about to disperse.

"Can you tell me my way to Lady Verner's?"

The words were spoken close to Jan's ear. He turned and looked at the speaker. An oldish man with a bronzed countenance and upright carriage, bearing about him that indescribable military air, which bespeaks the soldier of long service, in plain clothes though he may be.

"Sir Henry Tempest?" involuntarily spoke Jan, before the official addressed had time to answer the question. "I heard that my mother was expecting you."

Sir Henry Tempest ran his eyes over Jan's face and figure. An honest face, but an ungainly figure: loose clothes, that would have been all the better for a brush, and the edges of his high shirt-collar jagged out.

"Mr. Verner?" responded Sir Henry, doubtingly.

"Not Mr. Verner. I'm only Jan. You must have forgotten me long ago, Sir Henry."

Sir Henry Tempest held out his hand.

"I have not forgotten what you were as a boy; but I should not have known you as a man. And yet—it is the same face."

"Of course it is," said Jan. "Ugly faces, like mine, don't alter. I will walk with you to my mother's: it is close by. Have you any luggage?"

"Only a portmanteau. My servant is looking after it. Here he is."

A very dark man came up—an Indian—nearly as old as his master. Jan recognized him.

"I remember you!" he exclaimed. "It is Batcha."

The man laughed, hiding his dark eyes, but showing his white teeth.

"Massa Jan," he said, "used to call me Bat."

Without the least ceremony, Jan shook him by the hand. He had more pleasant reminiscences of him than of his master. In fact, Jan could only remember Colonel Tempest by name. He, the Colonel, had despised and shunned the awkward and unprepossessing boy: but the boy and Bat used to be great friends.

"Do you recollect carrying me on your shoulder, Bat? You have paid for many a ride in a pawpaw for me. Riding on shoulders or in palanquins, in those days, used to be my choice recreation. The shoulders and the funds both ran short at times."

Batcha remembered it all. Next to his master he had never liked anybody so well as the boy Jan.

"Stop where you are a minute or two," said uncermonious Jan to Sir Henry. "I must find one of the porters, and then I'll walk with you."

Looking about in various directions, in holes and corners and sheds,—inside carriages and behind trucks, Jan at length came upon a short, surly-looking man, wearing the official uniform. It was the one of whom he was in search.

"I say, Parkes, what is this I hear about your forcing your wife to get up, when I have given orders that she should lie in bed? I went in just now, and there I found her dragging herself about the damp brewhouse. I had desired that she should not get out of her bed."

"Too much bed don't do nobody much good, sir," returned the man, in a semi-resentful tone. "There's the work to do—the washing: if she don't do it, who will?"

"Too much bed wouldn't do you good; or me, either: but it is necessary for your wife in her present state of illness. I have ordered her to bed again. Don't let me hear of your interfering a second time, and forcing her up. She is going to have a blister on now."

"I didn't force her, sir," answered Parkes. "I only asked her what was to become of the work, and how I should get a clean shirt to put on."

"If I had got a sick wife, I'd wash out my shirt myself, before I'd drag her out of her bed to do it," retorted Jan. "I can tell you one thing, Parkes: that she is worse than you think for. I am not sure that she will be long with you: and you won't get such a wife again in a hurry, once you lose her.—Give her a chance to get well. I'll see that she gets up fast enough, when she is fit for it."

Parkes touched his peaked cap as Jan turned away.

It was very rare that Jan came out with a lecture: and when he did the sufferers did not like it. A sharp word from Jan Verner seemed to tell home.

Jan returned to Sir Henry Tempest, and they walked away in the direction of Deerham Court.

"I conclude all is well at Lady Verner's," remarked Sir Henry.

"Well enough," returned Jan. "I thought I heard you were not coming until to-morrow. They'll be surprised."

"I wrote word I should be with them to-morrow," replied Sir Henry. "But I got impatient to see my child. Since I left India and have been fairly on my way to her, the time of separation has seemed longer to me than it did in all the previous years."

"She's a nice girl," returned Jan. "The nicest girl in Deerham."

"Is she pretty?" asked Sir Henry.

The question a little puzzled Jan.

"Well, I think so," answered he. "Girls are much alike for that, as far as I see. I like Miss Lucy's look, though: and that's the chief thing in faces."

"How is your brother, Janus?"

Jan burst out laughing.

"Don't call me Janus, Sir Henry. I am not known by that name. They wanted me to have Janus on my door-plate; but nobody would have thought it meant me, and the practice might have gone off."

"You are Jan, as you used to be, then? I remember Lucy has called you so in her letters to me."

"I shall never be anything but Jan. What does it matter? One name's as good as another. You were asking after Lionel. He has got Verner's Pride again. All in safety now."

"What a very extraordinary course of events seems to have taken place, with regard to Verner's Pride," remarked Sir Henry. "Now your brother's, now not his; then his again, then not his! I cannot make it out."

"It was extraordinary," assented Jan.—"But the uncertain tenure is at an end, and Lionel is installed there for life. There ought never to have been any question of his right to it."

"He has had the misfortune to lose his wife," observed Sir Henry.

"It was not much of a misfortune," returned Jan, always plain. "She was too sickly ever to enjoy life; and I know she must have worried Lionel nearly out of his patience."

Jan had said at the station that Deerham Court was "close by." His active legs may have found it so; but Sir Henry began to think it rather far, than close. As they reached the gates Sir Henry spoke.

"I suppose there is an inn near where I can send my servant to lodge. There may not be accommodation for him at Lady Verner's?"

"There's accommodation enough for that," said Jan. "They have plenty of room, and old Catherine can make him up a bed."

Lady Verner and Lucy were out. They had not returned from the call on Mrs. Bitterworth—for it was the afternoon spoken of in the last chapter. Jan showed Sir Henry in; told him to ring for any refreshment he wanted; and then left.

"I can't stay," he remarked. "My day's rounds are not over yet."

But scarcely had Jan got outside the gate when he met the carriage. He put up his hand, and the coachman stopped. Jan advanced to the window, a broad smile upon his face.

"What will you give me for some news, Miss Lucy?"

Lucy's thoughts were running upon certain other news; news known but to herself and to one more. A strangely happy light shone in her soft brown eyes, as she turned them on Jan; a rich damask flush on the cheeks where *his* lips had so lately been.

"Does it concern me, Jan?"

"It doesn't much concern anybody else,—Guess."

"I never can guess anything; you know I can't, Jan," she answered, smiling. "You must please tell me."

"Well," said Jan, "there's an arrival.—Come by the train."

"Oh, Jan! Not papa?"

Jan nodded.

"You will find him in-doors. Old Bat's come with him."

Lucy never could quite remember the details of the meeting. She knew that her father held her to him fondly, and then put her from him to look at her; the tears blinding her eyes and his.

"You *are* pretty, Lucy," he said. "Very pretty. I asked Jan whether you were or not, but he could not tell me."

"Jan!" slightingly spoke Lady Verner, while Lucy laughed, in spite of her tears. "It is of no use asking Jan anything of that sort, Sir Henry. I don't believe Jan knows one young lady's face from another."

It seemed to be all confusion for some time; all bustle; nothing but questions and answers. But when they had assembled in the drawing-room again, after making ready for dinner, things wore a calmer aspect.

"You must have thought I never was coming home!" remarked Sir Henry to Lady Verner, "I have contemplated it so long."

"I suppose your delays were unavoidable," she answered.

"Yes—in a measure. I should not have come now, but for the relieving you of Lucy. Your letters, for some time past, have appeared to imply that you were vexed with her; or tired of her. And in truth I have taxed your patience and good nature unwarrantably. I do not know how I shall repay your kindness, Lady Verner."

"I have been repaid throughout, Sir Henry," was the quiet reply of Lady Verner. "The society of Lucy has been a requital in full. I rarely form an attachment, and when I do form one it is never demonstrative; but I have learned to love Lucy as I love my own daughter, and it will be a real grief to part with her. Not but what she has given me great vexation."

"Ah! In what way?"

"The years have gone on and on since she came to me; and I was in hopes of returning her to you with some prospect in view of the great end of a young lady's life—marriage. I was placed here as her mother; and I felt more responsible in regard to her establishment in life than I did to Decima's. We have been at issue upon the point, Sir Henry; Lucy and I."

Sir Henry turned his eyes on his daughter. If that is not speaking figuratively, considering that he had scarcely taken his eyes off her. A fair picture, she looked, sitting there in her white evening dress and her pearl ornaments. Young, lovely, girlish she looked, as she did the first day she came to Lady Verner's and took up her modest seat on the hearth-rug. Sir Henry Tempest had not seen many such faces as that: he had not met with many natures so innocent and charming. Lucy was made to be admired as well as loved.

"If there is one *parti* more desirable than another in the whole county, it is Lord Garle," resumed Lady Verner. "The eldest son of the Earl of Elmsley, his position naturally renders him so: but, had he neither rank nor wealth, he would not be much less desirable. His looks are prepossessing; his qualities of head and heart admirable; he enjoys the respect of all. Not a young lady for miles round but—I will use a vulgar phrase, Sir Henry, but it is expressive of the facts—would jump at him. Lucy refused him."

"Indeed," replied Sir Henry, gazing at Lucy's glowing face, at the smile that hovered round her lips. Lady Verner resumed:

"She refused him in the most decidedly positive manner that you can imagine. She has refused also one or two others. They were not so desirable in position as Lord Garle: but they were very well. And her motive I never have been able to get at. It has vexed me very much: I have pointed out to her that whenever you returned home you might think I had been neglectful of her interests."

"No, no," replied Sir Henry. "I could not fancy coming home to find Lucy married. I should not have liked it: she would have seemed to be gone from me."

"But she must marry sometime, and the years are going on," returned Lady Verner.

"Yes, I suppose she must."

"At least, I should say she would, were it anybody but Lucy," rejoined Lady Verner, qualifying her words. "After the refusal of Lord Garle, one does not know what to think. You will see him and judge for yourself."

"What was the motive of the refusal, Lucy?" inquired Sir Henry.

He spoke with a smile, in a gay, careless tone: but Lucy appeared to take the question in a serious light. Her eyelids drooped, her whole face became scarlet, her demeanor almost agitated.

"I did not care to marry, papa," she answered, in a low tone. "I did not care for Lord Garle."

"One grievous fear has been upon me ever since, haunting my rest at night, disturbing my peace by day," resumed Lady Verner. "I must speak of it to you, Sir Henry. Absurd as the notion really is, and as at times it appears to me that it must be, still it does intrude, and I should scarcely be acting an honorable part by you to conceal it, and as the calamity would be."

Lucy looked up in surprise, Sir Henry in a sort of puzzled wonder.

"When she refused Lord Garle, whom she acknowledged she *liked*, and forbade him to entertain any future hope whatever, I naturally began to look about me for the cause. I could only come to one conclusion, I am sorry to say—that she cared too much for another."

Lucy sat in an agony: the scarlet of her face changing to whiteness.

"I arrived at the conclusion, I say," continued Lady Verner, "and I began to consider who the object could be. I called over in my mind all the gentlemen she was in the habit of seeing; and unfortunately there was only one—only one upon whom my suspicions could fix. I recalled phrases of affection openly lavished upon him by Lucy; I remembered that there was no society she seemed to enjoy and to be so much at ease with, as his. I have done what I could since, to keep him at arm's length: and I shall never forgive myself for having been so blind. But you see I no more thought she, or any other girl, could fall in love with him, than that she could with one of my servant men."

"Lady Verner, you should not say it!" burst forth Lucy, with vehemence, as she turned her white face, her trembling lips, to Lady Verner. "Surely I might refuse to marry Lord Garle without caring unduly for another!"

Lady Verner looked quite aghast at the outburst.

"My dear, does not this prove that I am right?"

"But who is it?" interrupted Sir Henry Tempest.

"Alas! Who! I could almost faint in telling it to you," groaned Lady Verner. "My unfortunate son, Jan."

The relief was so great to Lucy; the revulsion of feeling so sudden; the idea called up altogether so comical, that she clasped her hands one within the other, and laughed out in glee.

"Oh, Lady Verner! Poor Jan! I never thought you meant him. Papa," she added, turning eagerly to Sir Henry, "Jan is downright worthy and good, but I should not like to marry him."

"Jan may be worthy; but he is not handsome," gravely remarked Sir Henry.

"He is better than handsome," returned Lucy. "I shall love Jan all my life, papa. But not in that way."

Her perfect openness, her ease of manner, gave an earnest of the truth with which she spoke: and Lady Verner was summarily relieved of the fear which had haunted her rest.

"Why could you not have told me this before, Lucy?"

"Dear Lady Verner, how could I tell it you? How was I to know anything about it?"

"True," said Lady Verner. "I *was* simple; to suppose any young lady could ever give a thought to that unfortunate Jan! You saw him, Sir Henry. Only fancy *his* being my son and his father's!"

"He is certainly not like either of you," was Sir Henry's reply. "Your other son was like both. Very like his father."

"Ah! he *is* a son!" spoke Lady Verner, in her enthusiasm. "A son worth having; a son that his father would be proud of, were he alive. Handsome; good; noble;—there are few like Lionel Verner. I spoke in praise of Lord Garle, but he is not like Lionel. A good husband, a good son, a good *man*. His conduct under his misfortunes was admirable."

"His misfortunes have been like a romance," remarked Sir Henry.

"More like that than reality. You will see him presently. I asked him to dine with me, and expect him in momentarily. Ah, he has had trouble in all ways. His wife brought him nothing else."

"Jan dropped a hint of that," said Sir Henry. "I should think he would not be in a hurry to marry again!"

"I should think not, indeed. He—Lucy, where are you going?"

Lucy turned round with her crimsoned face.

"Nowhere, Lady Verner."

"I thought I heard a carriage stop, my dear. See if it is Lionel."

Lucy walked to the window in the other room. Sir Henry followed her. The blue and silver carriage of Verner's Pride was at the court gates, Lionel stepping from it. He came in, looking curiously at the gray head next to Lucy's.

"A noble form, a noble face!" murmured Sir Henry Tempest.

He wore still the mourning for his wife. A handsome man never looks so well in any other attire. There was no doubt that he divined now who the stranger was, and a glad smile of welcome parted his lips. Sir Henry met him on the threshold, and grasped both his hands.

"I should have known you, Lionel, anywhere, from your likeness to your father."

Lionel could not let the evening go over without speaking of the great secret. When he and Sir Henry were left together in the dressing-room, he sought the opportunity. It was afforded by a remark of Sir Henry's.

"After our sojourn in London shall be over, I must look out for a residence, and settle down. Perhaps I shall purchase one. But I must first of all ascertain what locality would be agreeable to Lucy."

"Sir Henry," said Lionel, in a low tone, "Lucy's future residence is fixed upon—if you will accord your permission."

Sir Henry Tempest, who was in the act of raising his wine glass to his lips, set it down again and looked at Lionel.

"I want her at Verner's Pride."

It appeared that Sir Henry could not understand—did not take in the meaning of the words.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"I have loved her for years," answered Lionel, the scarlet spot of emotion rising to his cheeks. "We—we have known each other's sentiments a long while. But I did not intend to speak more openly to Lucy until I had seen you. To-day, however, in the sudden excitement of hearing of her contemplated departure, I betrayed myself. Will you give her to me, Sir Henry?"

Sir Henry Tempest looked grave.

"It cannot have been so very long an attachment," he observed. "The time since your wife's death can only be counted by months."

"True. But the time since I loved Lucy, can be counted by years. I loved her before I married," he added in a low tone.

"Why, then, have married another?" demanded Sir Henry, after a pause.

"You may well ask it, Sir Henry," he replied, the upright line in his brow showing out just then all too deep and plain. "I engaged myself to my first wife in an unguarded moment; as soon as the word was spoken I became aware that she was less dear to me than Lucy. I might have retracted; but the retraction would have left a stain on my honor that could never be effaced. I am not the first man who has paid by years of penitence for a word spoken in the heat of passion."

True enough! Sir Henry simply nodded his head in answer.

"Yes, I loved Lucy; I married another, loving her; I never ceased loving her all throughout my married life. And I had to beat down my feelings; to suppress and hide them in the best manner that I could."

"And Lucy?" involuntarily uttered Sir Henry.

"Lucy—may I dare to say it to you?—loved me," he answered, his breath coming fast. "I believe, from my very heart, that she loved me in that early time, deeply perhaps as I loved her. I have never exchanged a word with her upon the point; but I cannot conceal from myself that it was the unhappy fact."

"Did you know it at the time?"

"No!" he answered, raising his hand to his brow, on which the drops were gathering. "I did not suspect it until it was too late; until I was married. She was so child-like."

Sir Henry Tempest sat in silence, probably revolving the information.

"If you had known it—what then?"

"Do not ask," replied Lionel, his bewailing tone strangely full of pain. "I cannot tell what I should have done. It would have been Lucy—love—versus honor. And a Verner never sacrificed honor yet. And yet—it seems to me that I sacrificed honor in the course I took. Let the question drop, Sir Henry. It is a time I cannot bear to recur to."

Neither spoke for some minutes. Lionel's face was shaded by his hand. Presently he looked up.

"Do not part us, Sir Henry!" he implored, his voice quite hoarse with its emotion, its earnestness. "We could neither of us bear it. I have waited for her long."

"I will deal candidly with you," said Sir Henry. "In the old days it was a favorite project of mine and your father's that our families should become connected by the union of our children—you and Lucy. We only spoke of it to each other; saying nothing to our wives—they might have set to work, women fashion, and urged it on by plotting and planning; we were content to let events take their course, and to welcome the fruition, should it come. Nearly the last words Sir Lionel said to me when he was dying of his wound, were, that he should not live to see the marriage; but he hoped I might. Years afterwards, when Lucy was placed with Lady Verner—I knew no other friend in Europe to whom I would entrust her—her letters to me were filled with Lionel Verner. 'Lionel was so kind to her!'—'Everybody liked Lionel!' in one shape or other, you were sure to be the theme. I heard how you lost the estate, of your coming to stay at Lady Verner's; of a long illness you had there: of your regaining the estate through the death of the Masaingbirds; and—next—of your marriage to Frederick Massingbird's widow. From that time Lucy said less; in fact, her letters were nearly silent, as to you; and, for myself, I never gave another thought to the subject. Your present communication has taken me entirely by surprise."

"But you will give her to me?"

"I had rather—forgive me if I speak candidly—that she married one who had not called another woman wife."

"I heartily wish I never had called another wife," was the response of Lionel. "But I cannot alter the past. I shall not make Lucy the less happy; and for loving her—I tell you that my love for her, throughout, has been so great as to have put it almost beyond the power of suppression."

A servant entered, and said, my lady was waiting tea. Lionel waved his hand towards the man with an impatient movement, and they were left at peace again.

"You tell me that her heart is engaged in this, as well as yours?" resumed Sir Henry.

A half smile flitted for a moment over Lionel's face; he was recalling Lucy's whispered words to him that very afternoon.

"Yes," he answered, "her heart is bound up in me; I may almost say her life. If ever love served out its apprenticeship, Sir Henry, ours has. It is stronger than time and change."

"Well—I suppose you must have her," conceded Sir Henry. "But for your own marriage, I should have looked on this as a natural result. What about the revenues of Verner's Pride?"

"I am in debt," freely acknowledged Lionel. "In my wife's time we spent too much, and outran our means. Part of my income for three or four years must be set apart to pay it off."

He might have said, "In my wife's time *she* spent too much;" said it with truth. But, as he spared her feelings, living, so he spared her memory, dead.

"Whoever takes Lucy, takes thirty thousand pounds on her wedding day," quietly remarked Sir Henry Tempest.

The words quite startled Lionel.

"Thirty thousand pounds!" he repeated mechanically.

"Thirty thousand pounds. Did you think I should waste all my best years in India, Lionel, and save up nothing for my only child?"

"I never thought about it," was Lionel's answer. "Or, if I ever did think, I suppose I judged by my father. He saved no money."

"He had not the opportunity that I have had. And he died early. The appointment I held out there, has been a lucrative one. That will be the amount of Lucy's fortune."

"I am glad I did not know it!" heartily affirmed Lionel.

"It might have made the winning her more difficult, I suppose you think?"

"Not the winning *her*," was Lionel's answer, the self-conscious smile again on his lips. "The winning your consent, Sir Henry."

"It has not been so hard a task, either," quaintly remarked Sir Henry, as he rose. "I am giving her to you, understand, for your father's sake. In the trust that you are the same honorably good man, standing well before the world and Heaven, that he was. Unless your looks belie you, you are not degenerate."

Lionel stood before him, almost too agitated to speak. Sir Henry stopped him, laying his hand upon his shoulder.

"No thanks, Lionel. Gratitude? You can pay that to Lucy after she shall be your wife."

They went together into the drawing-room, arm-in-arm. Sir Henry advanced straight to his daughter.

"What am I to say to you, Lucy? He has been talking secrets."

She looked up like a startled fawn. But a glimpse at Lionel's face reassured her, bringing the roses into her cheeks. Lady Verner, wondering, gazed at them in amazement, and Lucy hid her hot cheeks on her father's breast.

"Am I to scold you? Failing in love without my permission!"

The tone, the loving arm wound round her, brought to her confidence. She could almost afford to be saucy.

"Don't be angry, papa!" were her whispered words. "It might have been worse."

"Worse!" returned Sir Henry, trying to get a look at her face. "You independent child! How could it have been worse?"

"It might have been Jan, you know, papa."

And Sir Henry Tempest burst into an irrepressible laugh as he sat down.

CHAPTER LXIV.

SUNDRY ARRIVALS.

We have had many fine days in this history, but never a finer one gladdened Deerham than the last that has to be recorded, ere its scene in these pages shall close. It was one of those rarely lovely days that now and then do come to us in autumn. The air was clear, the sky bright, the sun hot as in summer, the grass green almost as in spring. It was evidently a day of rejoicing. Deerham, since the afternoon, seemed to be taking holiday, and as the sun began to get lower in the heavens, groups in their best attire were winding their way towards Verner's Pride.

There was the centre of attraction. A *fete*—or whatever you might please to call it, where a great deal of feasting is going on—was about to be held on no mean scale. Innumerable tables, some large, some small, were set out in different parts of the grounds, their white cloths intimating that they were to be laden with good cheer. Tynn and his satellites bustled about, and believed they had never had such a day of work before.

A day of pleasure also, unexampled in their lives: for their master, Lionel Verner, was about to bring home his bride.

Everybody was flocking to the spot: old and young, gentle and simple. The Elmsleys and the half starved Hooks; the Hautleys and those ill-doing Dawsons; the Miss Wests and their pupils; Lady Verner and the Frosts; Mr. Bitterworth in a hand chair, his gouty foot swathed up in linen; Mrs. Duff, who had shut up her shop to come; Dan, in some new clothes; Mr. Peckaby and lady; Chuff the blacksmith, with rather a rolling gait; and Master Cheese and Jan—in short, all Deerham and its neighborhood had turned out.

This was to be Master Cheese's last appearance on any scene—so far as Deerham was concerned. The following day he would quit Jan for good; and that gentleman's new assistant, a qualified practitioner, had arrived, and was present. Somewhat different arrangements from what had been originally contemplated were about to be entered on, as regarded Jan. The Miss Wests had found their school prosper so well during the half year it had been established, that they were desirous of taking the house entirely on their own hands. They commanded the good will and respect of Deerham if their father did not. Possibly it was because he did not, and that their position was sympathized with and commiserated; that their scheme of doing something to place themselves independent of him, obtained so large a share of patronage. They wished to take the whole house on their own hands. Easy Jan acquiesced; Lionel thought it the best thing in all ways; and Jan began to look out for another home. But Jan seemed to waver in the fixing upon one. First, he had thought of lodgings; next he went to see a small, pretty new house that had just been built close to the Miss Wests. "It is too small for you, Mr. Jan," had observed Miss Deborah. "It will hold me and my assistant, and the boy, and a cook, and the surgery," answered Jan. "And that's all I want."

Neither the lodgings, however, nor the small house had been taken; and now it was rumored that Jan's plans were changed again. The report was that the surgery was to remain where it was, and that the assistant, a gentleman or rather mature age, would remain with it; occupying Jan's bedroom (which had been renovated after the explosion of Master Cheese) and taking his meals with the Miss Wests; Jan meanwhile, being about to take that tasty mansion called Belvedere House, which was situated midway between his old residence and Deerham Court. Deerham's curiosity was uncommonly excited upon the point. What, in the name of improbability could plain Jan Verner want with a fine place like that? He'd have to keep five or six servants if he went there. The

most feasible surmise that could be arrived at was, that Jan was about to establish a madhouse—as Deerham was in the habit of phrasing a receptacle for insane patients—of the private, genteel order. Deerham felt very curious; and Jan, being a person whom they felt at ease to question without ceremony, was besieged upon the subject. Jan's answer (all they could get from him this time) was—that he was thinking of taking Belvedere House, but had no intention yet of setting up an asylum. And affairs were in this stage at the present time.

Lionel and his bride were expected momentarily, and the company of all grades formed themselves into groups as they awaited them. They had been married in London some ten days ago, where Sir Henry Tempest had remained after quitting Deerham with Lucy. The twelvemonth had been allowed to go by subsequent to the death of Sibylla. Lionel liked that all things should be done seemingly and in order. Sir Henry was now on a visit to Sir Edmund Hantley and Decima: he was looking out for a suitable residence in the neighborhood, where he meant to settle. This gathering at Verner's Pride to welcome Lionel had been a thought of Sir Henry's and old Mr. Bitterworth's. "Why not give the poor an afternoon's holiday for once?" cried Sir Henry. "I will repay them the wages they must lose in taking it." And so—here was the gathering, and Tynn had carried out his orders for the supply of plenty to eat and drink.

They formed in groups, listening for the return of the carriage, which had gone in state to the railway station to receive them. All, save Master Cheese. He walked about somewhat disconsolately, thinking the proceedings rather slow. In his wanderings he came upon Tynn, placing good things upon one of the tables, which was laid in an alcove.

"When's the feasting going to begin?" asked he.

"Not until Mr. Verner shall have come," replied Tynn. "The people will be wanting to cheer him; and they can't do that well if they are busy round the tables, eating."

"Who's the feast intended for?" resumed Master Cheese.

"It's chiefly intended for those who don't get feasts at home," returned Tynn. "But anybody can partake of it that pleases."

"I should like just a snack," said Master Cheese, "I had such a short dinner to-day. Now that all those girls are stuck down at the dining-table, Miss Deb sometimes forgets to ask one a third time to meat," he added in a grumbling tone. "And there was nothing but a rubbishing rice pudding after it to-day! So I'd like to take a little, Tynn. I feel quite empty."

"You can take as much as you choose," said Tynn, who had known Master Cheese's appetite before to-day. "Begin at once, if you like, without waiting for the others. Some of the tables are spread."

"I think I will," said Master Cheese, looking lovingly at a pie on the table over which they were standing. "What's inside this pie, Tynn?"

Tynn bent his head to look closely.

"I think that's partridge," said he. "There are plenty of other sorts. And there's a vast quantity of cold meats: beef and ham, and that. Sir Henry Tempest said I was not to stint 'em."

"I like partridge pie," said Master Cheese, as he seated himself before it, his mouth watering. "I have not tasted one this season. Do you happen to have a drop of bottled ale, Tynn?"

"I'll fetch a bottle," answered Tynn. "Is there anything else you'd like, sir?"

"What else is there?" asked Master Cheese. "Anything in the sweets line?"

"There's about a hundred baked plum puddings. My wife has got some custards, too, in her larder. The custards are not intended for out here, but you can have one."

Master Cheese wiped his damp face: he had gone all over into a glow of delight.

"Bring a pudding and a custard or two, Tynn," said he. "There's nothing in the world half so nice as a plate of plum pudding swimming in custard."

Tynn was in the act of supplying his wants when a movement and a noise in the distance came floating on the air. Tynn dashed the dish of custards on to the table, and ran like the rest. Everybody ran—except Master Cheese.

It was turning slowly into the grounds—the blue and silver carriage of the Verners, its four horses prancing under their studded harness. Lionel and his wife of a few days descended from it, when they found themselves in the midst of this unexpected crowd. They had cause, those serfs, to shout out a welcome to their lord; for never again would they live in a degrading position, if he could help it. The various improvements for their welfare, which he had so persistently and hopefully planned, were not only begun, but nearly ended.

Sir Henry clasped Lucy's sweet face to his own bronzed one, pushing back her white bonnet to take his kiss from it. Then followed Lady Verner, then Decima, then Mary Elmsley. Lucy shook herself free, and laughed.

"I don't like so many kisses all at once," said she.

Lionel was everywhere. Shaking hands with old Mr. Bitterworth, with the Miss Wests, with Sir Edmund Hantley, with Lord Garle, with the Countess of Elmsley, with all that came in his way. Next he looked round upon a poorer class; and the first hand taken in his, was Robin Frost's. By and by he encountered Jan.

"Well, Jan, old fellow!" said he, his affection shining out in his earnest, dark-blue eyes. "I am glad to be with you again. Is Cheese here?"

"He came," replied Jan; "but where he has disappeared to, I can't tell."

"Please, sir, I see'd him just now in a alcove," interposed Dan Duff, addressing Lionel.

"And how are you, Dan?" asked Lionel, with his kindly smile. "Saw Mr. Cheese in an alcove, did you?"

"It was that there one," responded Dan, extending his finger in the direction of a spot not far distant. "He was tucking in at a pie. I see'd him, please, sir."

"I must go to him," said Lionel, winding his arm within Jan's, and proceeding in the direction of the alcove.

Master Cheese, his hands full of pudding, and his mouth covered with custard, started up when surprised at his feast.

"It's only a little bit I'm tasting," said he, apologetically, "against it's time to begin. I hope you have come back well, sir."

"Taste away, Cheese," replied Lionel, with a laugh, as he cast his eyes on some remaining fragments. "Partridge pie! do you like it?"

"Like it!" returned Master Cheese, the tears coming into his eyes with eagerness.—"I wish I could be where I should have nothing else for a whole week."

"The first week's holiday you get at Bartholomew's, you must come and pay Verner's Pride a visit, and we will keep you supplied. Mrs. Verner will be glad to see you."

Master Cheese gave a great gasp. The words seemed too good to be real.

"Do you mean it, sir?" he asked.

"Of course I mean it," replied Lionel. "I owe you a debt, you know. But for your having blown yourself and the room up, I might not now be in possession of Verner's Pride. You come and spend a week with us when you can."

"That's glorious, and I'm much obliged to you, sir," said Master Cheese, in an ecstacy. "I think I'll have just another custard on the strength of it."

Jan was imperturbable—he had seen too much of Master Cheese for any display to affect him—but Lionel laughed heartily as they left the gentleman and the alcove. How well he looked—Lionel! The indented upright line of pain had gone from his brow: he was as a man at rest within.

"Jan, I feel truly glad at the news sent to us a day or two ago!" he exclaimed, pressing his brother's arm. "I always feared you would not marry. I never thought you would marry one so desirable as Mary Elmsley."

"I don't think I'd have had anybody else," answered Jan. "I like her—always did like her, and if she has taken a fancy to me, and doesn't mind putting up with a husband that's called out at all hours, why—it's all right."

"You will not give up your profession, Jan?"

"Give up my profession?" echoed Jan, in surprise, staring with all his eyes at Lionel. "What should I do that for?"

"When Mary shall be Lady Mary Verner, she may be for wishing it."

"No she won't," answered Jan. "She knows her wishing it would be of no use. She marries my profession as much as she marries me. It is all settled. Lord Elmsley makes it a point that I take my degree, and I don't mind doing that to please him. I shall be a hard-working doctor always, and Mary knows it."

"Have you taken Belvedere House?"

"I intend to take it. Mary likes it, and I can afford it, with her income joined to mine. If she is a lady, she's not a fine one," added Jan, "and I shall be just as quiet and comfortable as I have been in the old place. She says she'll see to the housekeeping and to my shirts, and—"

Jan stopped. They had come up with Lady Verner and Lady Mary Elmsley. Lionel spoke, laughingly.

"So Jan is appreciated at last!"

Lady Verner lifted her hands with a deprecatory movement,

"It took me three whole days before I would believe it," she gravely said. "Even now, there are times when I think Mary must be playing with him."

Lady Mary shook her head with a blush and a smile. Lionel took her on his arm, and walked away with her.

"You cannot think how happy it has made me and Lucy. We never thought Jan was, or could be appreciated."

"He was, by me. He is worth—shall I tell it you, Lionel?—more than all the rest of Deerham put together—yourself included."

"I will indorse the assertion," answered Lionel. "I am glad you are going to have him."

"I would have had him, had he asked me, years ago," candidly avowed Lady Mary.

"I was inquiring of Jan, whether you would not want him to give up his profession. He was half offended with me for suggesting it."

"If Jan could ever be the one to lead an idle, useless life, I think half my love for him would die out," was her warm answer. "It was Jan's practical industry, his way of always doing the right in straightforward simplicity, that I believe first won me to like him. This world was made to work in, and the next for rest—as I look upon it, Lionel.—I shall be prouder of being Jan Verner, the surgeon's wife, than I should be had I married a Duke's eldest son."

"He is to take his degree, he says."

"I believe so: but he will practice generally all the same—just as he does now. Not that I care that he should become Doctor Verner: it is papa."

"If he— Why who can they be?"

Lionel Verner's interrupted sentence and his question of surprise were caused by the appearance of some singular-looking forms who were stealing into the grounds. Poor, stooping, miserable, travel-soiled objects, looking fit for nothing but the tramp-house. A murmur of astonishment burst from all present when they were recognized. It was Grind's lot. Grind and his family, who had gone off with the Mormons, returning now in humility, like dogs with burnt tails.

"Why, Grind, can it be you?" exclaimed Lionel, gazing with pity at the man's despairing aspect.

He, poor meek Grind, not less meek and civil than of yore, sat down upon a bench and burst into tears. They gathered round him in crowds, while he told his tale. How they had, after innumerable hardships on the road, too long to recite then, after losing some of their party by death, two of his children being amongst them—how they had at length reached the Salt Lake City, so gloriously depicted by Brother Jarrum. And what did they find? Instead of an abode of peace and plenty, of luxury, of immunity from work, they found misery and discomfort. Things were strange to them, and they were strange in turn. He'd describe it all another time, he said; but it was quite enough to tell them what it was, by saying that he resolved to come away if possible, and face the hardships of the way, though it was only to die in the old land, than he'd stop in it. Brother Jarrum was an awful impostor, so to have led 'em away!

"Wasn't there no saints?" breathlessly asked Susan Peckaby, who had elbowed herself to the front.

"Saints!" echoed Grind. "Yes, they be saints! An iniketous, bad doing, sensitive lot. I'd starve on a crust here, sooner nor I'd stop among 'em. Villains!"

Poor Grind probably substituted the word "sensitive" for another, in his narrow acquaintance with the English language. Susan Peckaby seemed to resent this new view of things. She was habited in the very plum colored gown which had been prepared for the start, the white paint having been got out of it by some mysterious process, perhaps by the turpentine suggested by Chuff. It looked tumbled and crinkled, the beauty altogether gone out of it. Her husband, Peckaby, stood behind, grinning.

"Villains, them saints was, was they?"

"They was villains," emphatically answered Grind.

"And the saintesses?" continued Peckaby. "What of them?"

"The less said about 'em the better, them saintesses," responded Grind. "We should give 'em another name over here, we should. I had to leave my eldest girl behind me," he added, lifting his face in a pitying appeal to Mr. Verner's. "She warn't but fifteen, and one of them men took her, and she is his thirteenth wife."

"I say, Grind," put in the sharp voice of Mrs. Duff, "what's become of Nancy, as lived up here?"

"She died on the road," he answered. "She married Brother Jarrum in New York—"

"Married Brother Jarrum in New York!" interrupted Polly Dawson, tartly. "You are asleep, Grind. It was Mary Green as married him. Leastways news that she did, come back to us here."

"He married 'em both," answered Grind. "The conscience of which was, that the two took to quarrelling perpetual. It was nothing but snarling and fig'-ting everlasting. Nancy again Mary, and Mary again her. We hadn't nothing else with 'em all the way to the Salt Lake City, and Nancy she got ill. Some said 'twas pining; some said 'twas an in'ard complaint as took her; some said 'twas the hardships killed her: the cold, and the fatigue, and the bad food, and starvation. Any how, Nancy died."

"And what become of Mary?" rather more meekly inquired Mrs. Peckaby.

"She's Jarrum's wife still. He have got about six of 'em, he have. They *be* saints, they be!"

"They bain't as bad off as the saintesses," interrupted Mrs. Grind. "They has their own way, the saints, and the saintesses don't. Regular cowed down the saintesses be; they daredn't say as their right hand's their own. That poor sick lady as went with us, Miss Kitty Bayntun—and none on us thought she'd live to get there, but she did, and one of the saints chose her. She come to us just afore we got away, and she said she wanted to write a letter to her mother to tell her how unhappy she was, fit to die with it. But she knowed the letter could never be got to her in England, cause letters ain't allowed to leave the city, and she must stop in misery for her life, she said; for she couldn't undertake the journey back again, even if she could get clear away; it would kill her. But she'd like her mother to know how them Mormons deceived with their tales, and what sort of a place New Jerusalem was."

Grind turned again to Lionel.

"It is just blasphemy, sir, for them to say what they do: calling it the holy city, and the New Jerusalem. Couldn't they be stopped at it, and from deluding poor ignorant people here with their tales?"

"The only way of stopping it is for people to take their tales for what they are worth," said Lionel.

Grind gave a groan.

"People is credulous, sir, when they think they are going to better theirselves. Sir," he added, with a yearning, pleading look, "could I have a bit of work again upon the old estate, just to keep us from starving? I shan't hanker after much now: to live here upon the soil will be enough, after having been at that Salt Lake City. It's a day's wonder, and 'ud take a day to tell, the way we stole away from it, and how we at last got home."

"You shall have work, Grind, as much as you can do," quietly answered Lionel. "Work, and a home, and—I hope—plenty. If you will go there"—pointing to the tables —"with your wife and children, you will find something to eat and drink."

Grind clasped his hands together in an attitude of thankfulness, the tears streaming down his face. They had walked from Liverpool.

"What about the ducks, Grind?" called out one of the Dawsons. "Did you get 'em in abundance?"

Grind turned his haggard face roupd.

"I never see a single duck the whole time I stopped there. If ducks were there, we didn't see 'em."

"And what about the white donkeys, Grind?" added Peckaby. "Be *they* in plenty?"

Grind was ignorant of the white donkey story, and took the question literally.

"I never see none," he answered. "There's nothing white there but the great salt lake, which strikes the eyes with blindness."

"Won't I treat you to a basting!"

The emphatic remark, coming from Mrs. Duff, caused a divertisement, especially agreeable to Susan Peckaby. The unhappy Dan, by some unexplainable cause, had torn the sleeve of his new jacket to ribbons. He sheltered himself from wrath behind Chuff the blacksmith, and the company began to pour in a stream towards the tables.

The sun had sunk in the west when Verner's Pride was left in quiet; the gratified feasters, Master Cheese included, having wended their way home. Lionel was with his wife at the window of her dressing-room, where he had formerly stood with Sibylla. The rosy hue of the sky played upon Lucy's face. Lionel watched it as he stood with his arm round her. Lifting her eyes suddenly, she saw how grave he looked, as they bent upon her.

"What are you thinking of, Lionel?"

"Of you, my darling. Standing with you here in our own home, feeling that you are mine at last; that nothing, save the hand of death can part us, I can scarcely yet believe in my great happiness."

Lucy raised her hand, and drew his face down to hers. "I can," she whispered. "It is very real."

"Ay, yes! it is real," he said, his tone one of almost painful intensity. "God be thanked! But we waited. Lucy, *how* we waited for it!"

THE END.

A LOYAL DOG.

The latest Dog story, is told of an Englishman who lives in the city of Albany, who is the proprietor of a drinking saloon, and who has owned a dog from puppyhood to days beyond his minority. When the order of the President was promulgated directing a draft of 300,000 men, the saloon proprietor became alarmed at his prospect of serving his adopted country, and thinking to evade the chance, he went straightway and swore allegiance to the British Government. The fact became known among many of his American patrons, and they withdrew their custom. Shortly after this, his dog forsook him and took up quarters in the Western Railroad office, nearly opposite his former home. The Englishman took him home, but contrary to former inclinations his dogship refused to remain. His owner followed him, and with the nicest sirloin steak the market afforded, tried to coax him home, but the dog has for five months remained true to the Stars and Stripes, and is now permanently settled with his loyal friends at the railroad office. The Englishman visits him occasionally, but the dog pays little or no attention to him. What makes the story more wonderful is, that before the Englishman swore allegiance to the British Government, the dog was singularly attached to his master, and was seldom found away from home.

HARD ON THE BRIGADIERS.

Orpheus C. Kerr, in one of his letters from Washington, is severe on Brigadiers. He says:—

"Captain, there's something missing from the rear guard."

William assumed a thoughtful demeanor, and says he:—

"Is it a missfire?"

"No," said the Lieutenant, agitatingly, "but we miss two ——"

"Not baggage wagons!" says William, giving such a start that his war horse fell upon his knees. "Don't tell me that two wagons are missing."

"Why, no," said the Lieutenant, with emotion, "it's not two wagons that we miss, but two Brigadiers!"

"Ah," says William, fanning himself with his cap, "how you alarmed me! I thought at first it was two wagons. Let the procession go on, and I'll send for two more Brigs the next time I have a friend going to Washington."

A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.

If a man commences at the age of twenty years to pay a barber twenty-five cents per week, to shave him, and continues until he is seventy years old, the money so spent, with interest added, would amount in fifty years to $3,998 62.

Then we will suppose him to use a like amount per week, say twenty-five cents for segars for fifty years, 3,998 62.

Making a total of $7,997 24.

From an old subscriber, who can appreciate the enjoyment of having something saved up for old age.—*North American.*

THE MARRIED.—The affection that links together man and wife, is a far holier and more enduring passion than the enthusiasm of young love. It may want its gorgeousness, it may want its imaginative character, but it is far richer and holier, and more trusting in its attributes. Talk not to us of the absence of love in wedlock. No! it buras with a steady and brilliant flame, shedding a benign influence upon the existence, a million times more precious and delightful than the cold dreams of philosophy.

☞ THE PAPER FAMINE.—DEALER.—Yes, sir, seven cents a pound is our reg'lar price for old paper; but as your production is an American tragedy, and native talent ought to be encouraged, I don't mind giving you seven and a quarter for it!"

☞ A dandy, smoking a cigar, having entered a menagerie, the proprietor requested him to take the weed from his mouth, "lest he should teach the other monkeys bad habits."

☞ BONDS.—A Southern rebel sheet recommends state bonds as investments in preference to Confederate, because the state is as integer—a sovereignty, and cannot secede from herself, whereas a Confederacy may be broken up. That's the beauty of the "secesh" theory.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE BILL to indemnify the President and others for their action in causing the arrest of certain parties under the suspension of habeas corpus, passed the Senate with an amendment to allow thirty days in which charges shall be made and presented to the Court.

MAJOR GENERAL HUNTER has again assumed command of the Department of the South.

A SOUTHERN PROPHET.—Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, said, in 1851:—"I object, in as strong terms as I can, to the secession of South Carolina. Such is the intensity of my conviction upon the subject, that if secession should take place, I shall consider the institution of slavery abrogated, and that the Great God, in our blindness, has made us the instruments of its destruction."

RHODE ISLAND.—According to the report of the Adjutant-General to the Rhode Island Legislature, that gallant little state has furnished for the defence of the nation, by land and sea, 16,606 men, or thirty per cent. more than her quota.

MR. LINCOLN'S LAST JOKE.—A Washington correspondent of a New England Journal says that the President looks haggard and careworn, yet he preserves his good nature, and some new story or *bon mot* from him is always in circulation. The last was uttered on Saturday, at the public reception, when a Western paymaster, in full Major's attire, was introduced, and said:—"Being here, Mr. Lincoln, I thought I'd call and pay my respects." "From the complaints of the soldiers," responded the President, "I guess that's about all any of you do pay."

CANADA.—Considerable discussion is going on among the Canadian journals relative to the power and rights of the two nations of people, French and English, of which the population is composed. From the discussion, it appears that the Anglo-Saxon population is 127,000, while the French population is 850,000.

THE CULTURE OF FLAX.—English papers are agitating the subject of an increased attention to the culture of flax as an offset to the scarcity of cotton. It is well known that machinery has been perfected for its manufacture, both in this country and in Europe, and a permanent prosperity will no doubt result.

MEASURING HAY.—The following method of ascertaining the amount of hay in a mow we find recommended for those who may have a distance from hay scales:—Multiply the length by the breadth, and if the hay is somewhat settled, ten solid yards make a ton. Hay will take ten to twelve solid yards per ton.

THE LATEST PARIS CARTOON OF WIT.—The Charivari gives a wood-cut representing the year 1863 (under the guise of a young woman) looking round in great alarm at a scene of the utmost confusion, in which the Northern states of America, the Southern states, Greece, Turkey, the Roman question, the new Boulevards of Paris, the new opera house, are all flung pell-mell together at her feet. She exclaims, as 1862 is seen stealing away in the distance:—"What a mess my predecessor has left me! And just to think that I have the task of setting all this confusion in order!"

MEM. FOR "PAPER GENERALS."—Gunpowder made of paper is the latest novelty. A letter from Copenhagen says that the Royal Artillery Board, of Denmark, has just made successful experiments with the new material. Common packing paper was, in the course of ten or fifteen minutes, transformed into a very powerful kind of gunpowder, and a number of shots were fired with it.

A LARGE PEARL.—In the "Loan Collection" recently exhibited at South Kensington, London, was a pearl, which is believed to be the largest now known. Its weight is three ounces; it is two inches in length, and four-and-a half in circumference; its sides are nearly straight, somewhat widening towards the lower part.

THE CRIME OF MURDER.—There are four murders committed in England for every million inhabitants; 17 in Belgium; 20 in Sardinia; 31 in France; 36 in Austria; 68 in Bavaria; 45 in Lombardy; 100 in Rome; 300 in Sicily; 200 in Naples. Murder is almost unknown in the valleys of Vandola.

A CURIOUS FACT.—Some curious genius states, as the result of an estimate, that a million One Dollar Treasury Notes would weigh over a ton, and make a pile as high as the Washington Monument. This will give some idea of the labor of preparing our Treasury Note issue.

GENERAL HOOKER'S CAMPAIGN ALREADY MARKED OUT.—The Washington Star says: "It is understood that General Hooker has already his plan of campaign well cashed out, and that with the very first opportunity for breaking the mud blockade, he will enter upon its active development."

THE ENGLISH correspondent of the Christian Free Mason says, that the Rev. Dr. Spurgeon, of London, was recently presented with a plum cake, which was found before it was eaten, to contain sufficient poison for the destruction of half-a-dozen people.

IT COSTS four times as much to transport a bushel of corn from the Mississippi river and its tributaries to New York as it does to raise it. This is why the West wants the Mississippi opened, and will insist on its being opened. It is the natural outlet of the West to the ocean for the larger part of her produce.

A CURIOUS FACT brought out by the report of the New York State Comptroller is that the amount circulated at the time of the Trent difficulty, about a blockade of the port of New York by a timber raft, has a foundation in fact. Timber to the value of $70,000 or $80,000 was actually bought for this purpose.

A BILL has been introduced into the Minnesota Legislature to outlaw all Indians and half breeds who may venture outside the limits of the reservation.

A PEAR from California is on exhibition in New York. It appears to be of the variety called the *Duchess d'Angoulesme*, and weighs three pounds and seven ounces.

NEW DISEASE.—A new disease, somewhat similar to opthneria, is now prevailing among children throughout the state. The medical fraternity are puzzled as to the manner of dealing with it. Very few who are taken down with it recover. The disease commences with violent purging and vomiting, accompanied by fever.

THURLOW WEED has retired from the Albany Evening Journal, after a connection with it for thirty three years. Mr. Weed was a prominent leader in the Republican party, but differences of opinion in regard to the policy to be pursued in crushing the rebellion have induced him to retire from the position which he held so long.

THE Philadelphia iron-plated steamer Ironsides, in her voyage out to Port Royal, proved herself to be a thorough sea-going vessel in very rough weather. Her speed is not so great as expected, seven knots an hour only being attained, but she behaved splendidly.

A PRIVATE in the Second Virginia Cavalry turns out to be a woman, named Jenny Pralty, hailing from Lawrence county, Ohio. She has been arrested and sent to Camp Chase. The Gallipolis Journal says she is "fair as a rose, plump as a partridge, and in smoking and in chewing is fully the equal of any trooper in the army."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	28.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

MISS ELLA K HAYES, of Great Falls, New Hampshire, on Wednesday afternoon skated from Cocheco railroad wharf, Alton, to the Weirs, some twenty miles, in less than three hours. She is the first lady who has ever skated the entire length of Lake Winnipesogee.

A RETIRED Boston merchant, now nearly eighty years of age, residing some thirty miles from the city, is in the habit, twice or three times in the week, of going five miles by rail and a mile and a half on foot to a favorite pond to skate. The silver of his hair is whiter than the ice on which he loves to glide, but he invariably distances the whole party of nieces and nephews who oftentimes accompany him.

A REPORT comes by way of Fortress Monroe, through rebel sources, that the rebels have suffered a defeat near Savannah.

INTERNAL REVENUE RECEIPTS.—The average weekly receipts at the Bureau of Internal Revenue are about one million and a half of dollars. A great many districts where taxes have been collected have not yet been heard from. The greatest amount received in one day has been four hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and when matters shall have become systematized, the receipts are expected to foot up $3,000 000 a week.

GEN. BANKS is carrying out all the orders of Gen. Butler at New Orleans. The conciliatory policy would not do. Gen. Butler's plan is again adopted.

EVIDENCE taken before the committee to investigate the Galveston disaster says that one hundred and ten men were landed from the Harriet Lane before the fight. This would reduce the loss of life materially.

GENERAL POPE was tendered the compliment of a public dinner on Thursday night in New York. Only a few invited guests were present.

GEN. FRANKLIN has demanded a court martial. Gen. Burnside is to be examined before the Committee on the Conduct of the War.

THE brig J. E. Ellicott has arrived at St Thomas, having been captured by the pirate Retribution. The pirate put a prize master and crew on board, but the crew put the prize master in irons and took the vessel into port.

IT is now officially stated that the famous rebel gun boat Cotton, which has played so important a part in recent naval fights near New Orleans, has finished her career by being blown up.

☞ A MILD WINTER ABROAD.—Accounts from England, written about the first of January, state that the weather, thus far this season, has been like April. There has not been a frost to stiffen the mud, and overcoats are a burden. Sharks upon the coast indicate a warm winter, as if the gulf stream had changed its course a little, and was giving the British Islands an unusual supply of its tepid waters.

A disease has lately shown itself in Vermont which is pronounced by physicians to be an *epidemic diptheria*, and which is unusually fatal. Its first symptom is a numbness in the lower extremities, and it makes rapid strides, proving fatal in two or three days, without any sign of sore throat being visible.

NEWS ITEMS.

SECRETARY STANTON has authorized Gov. Andrew, of Mass., to raise regiments of black men to serve for three years, unless sooner discharged.

GENERAL FOSTER does not think that a Military Governor is longer needed in North Carolina, and Governor Stanly will soon depart from that scene of his labors. The loyal people are much dissatisfied with him, and petitions have been sent to President Lincoln to remove him.

GENERAL CAMERON, it is said, will resign the post of Minister to Russia. He has declared his willingness to the War Department to lead a brigade of black troops in the national service. His answer to the serious charge recently made against him of attempting to bribe a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, has not yet appeared.

THE Committee on the Conduct of the War has commenced an investigation, under Senator Wilson's resolution of inquiry, relative to the alleged interference of subordinate officers with Gen. Burnside's plan for a forward movement of the army.

A NEW CABINET has been organized for the trial of Gen. Chas. P. Stone, and is sitting daily with closed doors.

THE President has sent to the Senate the names of Frank P. Blair and Abner Doubleday as Major-Generals of Volunteer Service.

THE Committee of Ways and Means are discussing the propriety of reducing the duty upon paper, but have as yet arrived at no conclusion.

A Memphis paper says that General Joe Johnston commands the whole rebel Western Department, and is marching with an immense force to Vicksburg. It is believed that Johnston can concentrate 150,000 men. (?) The rebels are determined to stake every thing to hold Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and to keep open the communication between Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas.

GENERAL BURNSIDE recently tendered to the President his resignation as an officer of the army. The President declined receiving it, saying that he had work for him. Gen. Burnside said he was ready for work, but he did not like to wear the stars and draw the pay of Major-General in idleness. Burnside is a trump.

IRON CLAD MEN-OF-WAR.—The House Naval Committee have under consideration the recommendation of the Secretary of the Navy to build three large class iron-clad men-of-war, to cost not exceeding twelve million dollars, for which amount an appropriation will be inserted in the Naval Appropriation Bill.

SUPPRESSED.—The *Evening Journal*, of this city, has been suppressed, and its publisher, A. D. Bullens, taken to Fort McHenry.

PROF. O. A. BROWNSON, (white man), Fred Douglass (coffee colored man), and T. W. Brown, a Cayuga chief (red man), are lecturing in Chicago.

JOHN B. GOUGH is announced to deliver a course of twelve lectures in Cincinnati.

CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM has announced, in a letter, his determination to go before the Ohio Democratic State Convention as an applicant for the nomination for the office of governor of that State.

GEN. COUCH, of Massachusetts, who has been appointed to the command of one of the grand divisions of the Army of the Potomac, is a graduate of West Point, and has particip[ated] in many of the most important battles of the war.

WHEN Lord Seymour died in Paris, a short time since, it was found that, by his will, he had bequeathed half a million of francs to one of his physicians, an annuity of ten thousand francs to her besides. The avaricious creature, not content with such a fortune, is suing in the courts for more, alleging a codicil, and much of the old lord's sad life is detailing those who read the tribunal reports.

GEO. D. PRENTICE says:—"Let those who talk of conciliating the South read Jeff. Davis's message. They might march toward the South with olive branches enough to be mistaken, like the branches borne by the troops of Macduff, for Burnam forest, and still they would be met only by bullet and bayonet."

A RELIC of the past has come to light in Boston, illustrative of the depreciation of Continental currency. It is a receipt taken by Gov. John Hancock, in 1793, showing that he paid sixty dollars for two packs of playing-cards, to be used at a party.

A GIRL soldier has been discovered in the camp of the 104th regiment, at Cleveland. She gave her name as Henrietta Spencer, said her home was in Oberlin, and that she enlisted to avenge her father and brother who fell at Murfreesboro.

HON. HENRY J. RAYMOND, of the N. Y. Times, had a brother in one of the New York regiments, and went in pursuit of that brother's remains. The circumstance is very funny. Several days ago Mr. Raymond received the following dispatch:—"Your brother's corpse is at Belle Plain." He hastened to the army as quick as steam could carry him, to perform the last offices of affection. Arriving at Belle Plain he was a good deal astonished to find his brother not only alive but in vigorous health. The original message had been, "Your brother's *corps* is at Belle Plain."

THE French iron-clad steamship La Normandie—so late Havana advices state—has been sent back to France, as it has been found the crew could not live in the hot climate of the Gulf of Mexico with the defective ventilation of that ship. This circumstance, together with the unhealthiness of the vessel as proved on her voyage out, shows that the French have as much trouble with their iron clads as have the English or Americans with theirs.

BRITISH SOLDIERS.—Of one thousand men in the British army there were but sixty-five men who were over six feet and over in height, and in the same number of soldiers in the French army but four; while of eighteen hundred recruits for the United States army two hundred and forty-one were six feet and over in height, and more than one hundred and thirty-three per cent more than one hundred and thirty-three per cent thousand. Out of eight thousand six hundred and thirty-two persons who presented themselves for examination in New York city for enlistment but two were under the prescribed height (five feet three inches). One of these was an Englishman and the other an American.

TEMPERANCE.—It is stated in a foreign journal that, out of a caravan of eighty-two persons who crossed the Great Desert from Algeria to Timbuctoo, last summer, all but fifteen used wine and other spirituous liquors as a preventive against African diseases. Soon after reaching Timbuctoo, all who used spirituous liquors died save one. Of the fifteen who abstained, all survived.

THE PROPOSED NATIONAL GUARD.—Senator Wilson's Volunteer Militia Bill provides for a force to be called the National Guard of the United States, comprising two hundred regiments of twelve companies each; every regiment to be divided into three battallions, commanded by Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, three Majors, and twelve Captains; to be organized by the Governors of the states, and from which the force is to be distributed when called by the President of the United States into active service. Any portion of this militia may be called out in case of invasion or a rebellion.

THE American Indian boys published a circular to counteract the influence which their determination to counteract the influence which their determination appear on the stage to be white, where actresses black, and to be Indians, where actresses are white.

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

The editor of the New York Times, recently on a visit to the Rappahannock, thus writes relative to the letter of General Burnside, avowing the entire responsibility of the battle of Fredericksburg:

Before closing this long letter, I desire to correct an impression which has become quite current, and to which our correspondent W. S. F. gave countenance in his letter of January 13, published in the Times of the 16th, that General Burnside's letter to General Halleck, avowing the entire responsibility of the battle of Fredericksburg, was written under some kind of pressure from the Government, or at least at the instance, and in some sort with connivance of some among its officers. I have taken very great pains to ascertain all the facts connected with that transaction, and I know this impression to be *without the slightest foundation*.

The letter was wholly General Burnside's own—in the original purpose of writing it, in its actual composition, and in its final publication. After the battle, General Halleck paid General Burnside a brief visit, but during or after that visit, there was by either party concerning the "responsibility" for the battle of Fredericksburg. On the 19th of December Dr. Church, one of General Burnside's staff, went to Washington on business and returned the next day, bringing with him sundry newspapers. In the evening General Burnside, being in his tent with several of the gentlemen of his staff, and reading these papers, fell upon paragraphs in them severely assailing the Secretary of War and General Halleck for having ordered them to make the attack, contrary to his own judgment.

He asked Dr. Church if that was the general impression at Washington, and was told that it was. He at once said he would soon put that right, and sat down and wrote a brief despatch intended for the Associated Press, and embodying the substance of his letter. Some of his staff remonstrated against his mosing the matter at all; but he answered all their objections by saying that his name should bear its ounce of responsibility that belonged to him. He did yield, however, so far as to change the form of his letter, and addressed it to General Halleck instead of the Press. He came to Washington the next day, re-wrote the letter in his own room, had it copied by his private Secretary, and sent it to the Press before he had exchanged a word with any member of the Government on the subject. These I *know* to be the facts of the case.

THE CHANGES IN THE ARMY.

The following is the official order in regard to the recent changes in the army of the Potomac:—

GENERAL ORDER NO. 20.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY, WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, Jan 24, 1863.—1. The President of the United States has directed that

First—That Major-General A. E. Burnside, at his own request, be relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac.

Second—That Major-General E. V. Sumner, at his own request, be relieved from duty in the Army of the Potomac.

Third—That Major-General W. B. Franklin be relieved from duty in the Army of the Potomac.

Fourth—That Major-General J. Hooker be assigned to the command of the Army of the Potomac.

The officers relieved as above will report in person to the Adjutant-General of the Army.

By order of the SECRETARY OF WAR.
E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

ARMY STATISTICS.—One of the most important pictures of the present war is that which has been prepared by E. B. Elliot, Esq., of the Sanitary Commission, to May 1862, from which it would appear, that on an average the deaths in our volunteer army average only fifty-three in a thousand men. This is far better than Lord Wellington in the Peninsula campaign, whose deaths were *three* to our *one*, while in the Crimea they were more than four. In Mexico, they were twice as many with our own army. We have had no such high mismanagement as to bring on the English and in January, 1855, when their deaths were *twenty-four* times this average. So far the picture would be cheering enough were there no drawbacks. If our army has been one of the most favored, it has been preserved exactly in proportion to the expense so far as honestly bestowed upon it. That is to say, expense so far as providing comfortable food, nursing and clothing goes, is always an economy.

The difference between the Eastern and Western troops is very marked. Ninety-five men died in the Western regiments to thirty of the soldiers from the middle states, carelessness in the comforts of the soldiers being no doubt the chief cause. Sixty-six men are sick in every Eastern regiment to one hundred and forty-four in each Western. Strange to say, a marching order will reduce the number of men in the hospitals often nearly a third.

Upon the whole, it would seem that so great are the wastes of an army in the field, that rapid movements and bold attacks cost far less life than slow and halting campaigns. The season of one year, however, makes every difference, since there are but twenty-one deaths in the summer to seventy in the winter, and thirty six in the fall.

WAS THE MOON EVER A COMET?—According to M. Arago, the Arcadians thought themselves of older date than the moon. They maintained that their ancestors had inhabited this planet before it had any satellites. Struck with this singular opinion, some philosophers have imagined that the moon was formerly a comet, which, in performing its elliptical course around the sun, came into the neighborhood of the earth, and was drawn in to revolve around it. Such a change of orbit is possible, but evidently it could not have taken place if the comet's perihelion distance had been great. The comet must, therefore, have passed very near the sun, and have experienced an intense heat, capable of dissipating every trace of humidity. The almost entire absence of an atmosphere around the moon, the scorched appearance of its vast mountains and deep valleys, and the few plains that are seen, have been cited as proofs that this luminary was once a comet.

THE THIRD ATTACK ON VICKSBURG.—CHICAGO, Jan. 29.—A special dispatch from Cairo says that information has been received that the United States troops under General McClernand had landed on the Louisiana side of the river, five miles below the mouth of the Yazoo, in full view of the city.

Two brigades were engaged in opening the famous cut-off when our informant left.

The river is now bank-high at Vicksburg.

General Grant left Memphis on Tuesday for below, with one division.

A LADY in this city, riding in a railroad car, had her pocket picked of $7—the thief, however, leaving a diamond ring, worth $500, in her pocket. She actually sold the ring for that price to a Chestnut street jeweler! A capital joke that. The thief's ring did not fit well.

SPECIE IN THE UNITED STATES.

The quantity of specie in the United States at the present time compared with former periods is as follows:—

Amount of specie existing in the United States at the commencement of 1849,	$122,000,000
Products of California mines, from 1849 to present time,	1,047,000,000
Other sources of supply within the United States to present time,	56,000,000
Amount imported from foreign countries during the same period,	107,000,000
Amount introduced by immigrants, during the same period (3,000,000 immigrants, at $50 per head,	108,000,000
Grand total,	$1,440,000,000
Amount exported to foreign countries from 1849 to the present time,	$608,000,000
Loss by wear and tear of coin, by consumption in the arts, and by fire and shipwreck, during the same period,	50,000,000—724,000,000
Amount of specie existing in the United States at the present time,)	$716,000,000

AN EXPERIMENT WITH RATS.

A curious experiment was lately made at Strasburg, to effect the union of two animals, which, though not in a straight line, have a life in common; producing artificially what nature produced spontaneously in the Siamese Twins. Two white rats, of the Albino species, were selected for the experiment. An incision was made on the right side of the one, and on the left of the other, engaging the skin and the cellular tissue under it. The surfaces of the two wounds were kept closely together by sutures and bandages till the sixth day, when only by the first intention was found to have taken place. They then walked side by side, being united by a fleshy band. An attempt to poison both by the mouth of one did not succeed, but an injection thrown into the jugular vein of one animal was found to have entered the superficial femoral veins of the other, showing clearly that an intimate vascular union had already taken place between them. This interesting experiment may have an important bearing on restorative surgery.

HOW THE GAMBLERS FLEECED THE ARMY PAYMASTER.—Among the discoveries respecting the fleecing of Paymaster Cook, in the gambling "hells" West, is one in regard to the manner in which the cheating was done. It appears that the gamblers had a direct telegraph communication from the table where they played to a room directly above, in the ceiling of the room, which was papered, a couple of holes were bored through a part of the paper pattern in which it could not be detected. The gambler's confederate above, by looking through them, could see what the hand held by any player, and with a telegraph signal he communicated the fact to associates below. It is easy to see what chance any player had who was not in their secret, and that plunder was just as sure as picking the pocket of the victim of these practices. These, and practices equally as deceptive, are the usually successful operations. The only wonder is that so many dupes can be found willing to risk anything themselves to be plundered by such infamous acts.

A HANDSOME PRESENT.—Mrs. General McClellan is the lucky recipient of such a present as even monarchs rarely give. She received a neat little note from a number of her husband's New York admirers, tendering her a magnificent residence in that city, and begging her to accept it as a testimonial of the appreciation in which her husband's abilities and services are held by the donors. The house is superbly furnished from top to bottom—costly Turkey carpets cover the floors, rare pictures adorn the walls, the cellar is fully stocked with the choicest wines, and everything connected with luxurious house keeping—even to groceries—abounds in lavish profusion. Astor, who was once on McClellan's staff in Virginia, is one of the principal subscribers in the princely gift, and a number of conservative" bankers and merchants follow suit.

FIGHT ABOUT A BULL.—A strange feud has existed for several years in the parish of Emly, in the Archbishopric of Cashel, Ireland, between two Roman Catholic factions called the "Three years-olds" and the "Four years-olds," caused originally by a dispute as to the age of a bull kept near Tipperary, one party asserting that he was three years old and the other swearing as lustily that he was four. The feud has waxed more bitter and furious with time, and the Archbishop of Cashel, in a pastoral letter to this belligerent portion of his flock, recounts a list of six persons murdered, five badly fractured, one dangerously stabbed, one badly beaten, and a number dangerously injured, victims within the past six years of the ferocity of these factions. The clergy are making great efforts to put a stop to this savage warfare.

AN IMPROVEMENT IN TELEGRAPHY.—The Viscount de Vougy director general of the electric telegraph throughout France, has invited several scientific members of the National Institute, and some of the chief clerks in the telegraph department, to assist at experiments about to be made with the type-telegraph invented by the Chevalier Bonelli. The typo-telegraph of this scientific engineer can print 500 dispatches of 25 words within an hour. According to the system of Morse now in use, it would require not less than 20 wires and 50 clerks to accomplish a similar work. Should the experiments prove satisfactory, it is said that the Government will concede to the Chevalier Bonelli the working of the line from Paris to Lyons and Marseilles.

☞ PARTING THE HAIR.—Believers in parting the hair in the middle may not like what Jennie June says about it:—Hair parted in the middle, she says, is becoming to no man; it destroys whatever manliness the face might previously have possessed, and imparts a flat, soft, effeminate appearance which belongs to the regular order of neither man nor woman.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, January 31, 1863.

Alabama	par	Missouri	par
Canada	2 pr ct	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Connecticut	par	New Hampshire	par
Delaware	"	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New York	par
Florida	10 dis.	New York State	par
Georgia	10 dis.	North Carolina	10 dis.
Illinois	5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Indiana	1 dis.	Ohio	par
Iowa	5 dis.	Penn.	par
Kansas	5 dis.	Penny notes par,	10 dis.
Kentucky	1 dis.	Rhode Island	par
Louisiana	60 dis.	South Carolina	10 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	10 dis.
Mary and	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	10 dis.
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	par.
Michigan	10 dis.	Virginia	10 dis.
Minnesota	"	Wisconsin	par.
Mississippi	"		

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour is more active, and prices, under a steady demand for shipment and home use, are 12½@25c ₱ bbl higher. The week's sales comprise about 30,000 bbls, mostly taken for export, at $6,37½ for low grade and good superfine; $6,50@7,25 for common and good extra, the latter for Southern country; $6,75@7,12½ for Ohio and West extra family; $7,25@8 for Ohio do, the latter for selected brands; $8,25@9,50 for fancy and $10 for high grade do. The bulk of the sales were of good Ohio family at $7,37½@7,75, including about 6000 bbls, part City Mills, on terms kept private. Rye Flour is dull and neglected, and offered at $5 ₱ bbl, without sales. Corn Meal continues scarce, and Pennsylvania, if here, would bring $4. A sale of 300 bbls Brandywine was made at $4,50 ₱ bbl, which is now held higher.

GRAIN.—There is not much Wheat offering, and prices with a good inquiry both for shipment and milling, are 6@8c higher, with sales of 40,000 bus at 128@160c for fair to good and prime Western and Pennsylvania reds in store; no Southern offering, and from first hands. Corn is more to good and choice white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is also better with sales of 9000 bus Pennsylvania at 86@90c. Corn is more abundant and rather dull, with sales of about 50,000 bus, mostly new yellow, at 83@85c in the cars and afloat, chiefly at 84c, and 88@89c for Southern white, including 5000 bus yellow at 90@91c, and Western mixed at 88@89c. Oats are unchanged and about 40,000 bus found buyers at 60@62c for heavy Pennsylvania ₱ 32 lbs, and 58@ 59c for light do for which are very unsaleable. Of Barley sales of prime are reported at 150c, and Barley Malt at a price kept private.

PROVISIONS.—The market is firm, but inactive at quotations, and a small business doing at $15¼@16 for old and new Mess Pork. Dressed Hogs are selling at $5,75@6 the 100 lbs. Beef is firm, with further sales of Western and city Mess at $12@15 ₱ bbl, the demand for bbld Meats is principally to supply the government, for which purpose 3000 bbls have been taken. Bacon moves off as wanted at 9@11c for Hams, 6¼@6¾c for Shoulders, and 6¾@7¼c for Sides. Green Meats are firm, with sales of 60 casks, including Hams, in salt and pickle, at 7¼@8c, the latter for fancy cured, and Shoulders, in salt, at 4¾@4¾c for old, and 5¼@5¾c for new. Sides are quiet. Lard is in good supply and offered in pkgs, including bbls and tes at 10¼@10¼c, and kegs at 11@11½c. Butter is steady, with further sales of packed and roll at 14@26c, the latter for prime. Cheese is firm at 10¼@11¼c. Eggs are dull, and selling at 16@17c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—With a good demand and a very reduced stock the market continues very active on the advance, prices being 6@8c better; the week's sales reach some 450 bales, taken in small lots, at from 58c to 60c for ordinary, 60@62½c for middling, 70@77c for ordinary, and 78@83c for middling and good middling quality, cash.

ASHES continue steady, with the usual business to note in Pots and Pearls.

BARK.—There is very little Quercitron offering, and lot No 1 is in good demand, with light receipts and sales of 200 bbls at $35 ₱ ton. Best is scarce and wanted at $15@16 ₱ cord for Chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX meets with a steady demand at 40c ₱ lb for good yellow.

COAL.—The market continues quiet, and prices are nominally unchanged. The demand for home use is limited, owing to the recent mild weather.

COFFEE.—The market is firm, but the want of stock has limited operations to some 600 bags, mostly Rio, within the range of 20@23c, cash and time.

COPPER is firm at the advance, but the sales are confined to Yellow Metal at 35c for Sheets and 32c for Bolts, on time.

FEATHERS are arriving and selling more freely at 46@50c ₱ lb, the latter is an extreme price.

FRUIT.—The sales are limited and prices the same, with some little speculative feeling in dried fruit, which is more inquired for, and selling at 6c@10½ ₱ for Peaches and 5c@c ₱ lb for Apples.

HAY is unchanged, and selling at 75c@$c for Timothy the 100 lbs.

HEMP is quiet, and there is little or no stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS.—1278 are in steady demand here, with sales of Eastern and Western at 30c@35c ₱ lb.

IRON.—The market is firm and on the advance, with a good demand for Pig Metal for home consumption, and full information for persons in want of *Inhalers*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th ultimo, at St. James's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Morton, Mr. THOMAS DOLAN, to Miss S. J. HELMBOLD.

On the 21st Sept. last by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. GEORGE LENDRUM, to Miss LOUISA, daughter of Wesley Cale, Esq. both of this city.

On the 30th of Oct. by the Rev. J. B. Dales, D. D., THOMAS DEVELAS, to Miss MARY MILLER.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. H. E. Gilroy, Mr. THOMAS BILLS, to AMANDA L. PERKINS, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Leeds, Mr. MATTHEW J. LOUDERBAD, to Miss SUSAN BAKER, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Barns, Mr. HENRY GILMORE, to Miss MARGARET C. KENNEDY, both of this city.

On the 7th of Aug. last, by the Rev. K. Goddard, FREDERICK T. MECKS, to EMILY M. daughter of Jas. J. Lee, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. R. H. MCCARLY, U. S. A. to Miss MARY E. daughter of Wm. Faulkner, Esq. both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th ultimo, CHARLES H. MATTSON, in his 39th year.

On the 27th ultimo, MRS. ELIZABETH STOWE, consort of the late Wm. Spohn.

On the 27th ultimo, MRS. MARY A. WHEELER, wife of Hallet Wheeler, aged 61 years.

On the 27th ultimo, ALEX. MCCLEMENT, Sr. a native of Scotland, in his 63d year.

On the 30th ultimo, ELLEN, wife of Edw. Ford, aged 30 years.

On the 26th ultimo, ELIZABETH L. CARMAN.

On the 31th ultimo, MRS. E. wife of the late J. E. EDWARDS, in her 36th year.

On the 30th ultimo, THOMAS ASPDEN, in his 78th year.

On the 24th ultimo, HANNAH THOMPSON, in her 84th year.

On the 23d ultimo, JAMES MYERS, in his 41st year.

On the 23d ultimo, MISS SARAH HARMSTAD, in her 65th year.

On the 23d ultimo, JAMES G. GIBSON, in his 56th year.

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For a regular list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or a list will be forwarded by writing to DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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Plain Table,	65,00
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DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

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FOR 1863!

VOLS. XXI. AND XXII.

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Wit and Humor.

The Story which Bangs Tried to Tell

To Jones, Smith and Brown.

Mr. Editor:—You have been particularly fortunate, if in the course of your pilgrimage, you have never been prevented from hearing an interesting story very much as we were prevented from hearing the story, which Bangs tried to tell to Jones, Smith and Brown.

Bangs.—As you are so anxious to hear about Mr. Titcomb's misfortune, I will tell you the story. It was on the third day of July, 1833, when—

Smith.—What a coincidence! the very day and year when my grandmother died. She was so hale, we never thought she would drop off so suddenly, but—

Jones.—Was not your grandmother a Tibbets before she was married?

Smith.—Yes, she was, and we used to say that—

Brown.—That's odd enough, my uncle Elskim married a Tibbets. They lived in—

Jones.—I know all about that; they lived in Wing's lane. Do you know where Peter Lurink lived? Whom did Lurink marry? I'll tell you a story about Lurink. When he—

Brown.—Mr. Bangs is going to tell us a story about Mrs. Tibbets.

Bangs.—No, sir; its about Mr. Titcomb. It was July 3d, 1834. He was—

Jones.—What family of Titcombs was he? didn't his grandmother keep a shop at the North end, near the old Salutation alley? I guess he did. I dare say he was a relative to Colonel Titcomb, who was killed in the old French war, 1755. I know all about that. I can show you a—

Smith.—I had an aunt, whose third cousin, on the mother's side, was related to John Smith, whose great-grandfather had seen a drummer who was in the old French war. He used to say, that he never—

Jones.—I know all about that. You cannot find the name of Titcomb in the Boston Directory of 1789. The reason is plain enough —there was no Titcomb in town. You see how—

Bangs.—The story I am to relate is not of Mr. Titcomb, who was living in 1789. I was about to say, that, on the third day of July, 1834, Mr. Titcomb was in the—

Brown.—Permit me, before you proceed, to inquire how he was related to the Tibbetses, and also—

Bangs.—I never said he was related to the Tibbetses.

Brown.—I thought you did, and I was thinking I could explain how it was. There was a Tibbets that was a Tarbox before she was married, and who knows but what she married a Titcomb?

Jones.—That's it; I know all about that. If you will look into the Farmer's Register, you will find, that, as early as 1630, there was a Tarbox, in Lynn, who had eighteen children. There's nothing more likely to have happened, than that one of them should marry a Tibbets. Besides, I—

Bangs.—I never said anything of such relation. Well, gentlemen, on the third of July, 1834, Mr. Titcomb was—

Smith.—Was it in the forenoon?

Bangs.—It was, and about ten o'clock. Mr. Titcomb was—

Smith.—Mercy upon us! How these things do happen. That was the very hour my grandmother died. As my Aunt Judy says, the spirits are at work, all round us: she takes her meals in her lap, for fear the spirits should tip the table. After you have finished your interesting story I will tell you what happened at our house last Friday.

In the meanwhile, finding it was impossible to finish his story, Bangs had quietly escaped from the apartments.—*Boston Transcript.*

Slow Grinding.—Quite a number of years ago, there lived in Androscoggin county, Maine, a man by the name of L——. He was a farmer, stage driver and hotel keeper, and was blessed with a large family of boys. Among them was the hero of our yarn. Ide was the name that he was best known by. He was lean, long, lank and scrawny—always on hand to run errands and do chores generally. One very hot day in July, Ide was sent off about three miles to a mill with a large lot of grain to be ground. Unluckily for him there was quite a quantity in before he got there, so that it was late in the afternoon before they got to work on Ide's lot. The water was low, consequently the millstones revolved rather slowly. Ide was hungry, and his inner man got uproarious, and looking up to the miller, he says:—"Uncle Reub, I can eat that meal faster than you can grind it."

"Ah, my boy, how long could you do it?"

"Why, till I am starved to death!" said Ide.

Uncle Reub says that he never got such a shot before.

Killed Out and Out.—A private in one of the regiments at Salamanca, cried out, during the hottest part of the action: "Oh, murther, I'm kilt entirely!"

"Are you wounded?" inquired an officer near him.

"Wounded, is it, your honor?" replied the gallant Emeralder, "by jabers, I'm worse than killed out and out: wasn't I waiting for the last quarter of an hour for a pull at Jim Murphy's pipe, and there now it's shot out of his mouth!"

A Donation Party.—"Mother," said James, "what is the meaning of *donation?* You have been preparing all this week for the donation party, and I want to know what it means."

"Why, Jimmy," said Johnny, "don't you know what donations means? I do! *do* means the cake, and *nation* means the people, and they carry the cake to the minister's, and the people go there and eat it."

A DYING MAN.

The Duke of Gloucester frequently visited Cheltenham during the season. Upon one occasion he called upon Colonel Higgins, brother to the equerry of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and on inquiry of the servant if his master was at home, received for answer—

"My master is dying."

"Dying!" repeated the Duke; "have you sent for a doctor?"

"No, sir."

His Royal Highness immediately ran back into the street, and having the good fortune to find a medical man, he requested him to come at once to Colonel Higgins, as he was on the point of death. The Duke and the doctor soon reached the Colonel's house, and after again asking the servant how his master was, that functionary replied—

"I told you, sir, that he is dying."

They mounted the staircase, and were rather amused to find the reported invalid busily occupied in dyeing his hair.

THE FRENCHMAN'S BATH.

A Frenchman thus gives his experience of English baths:—

"I go; it is not a very nice place; small, and, I think, not very clean; but I go in. I say to a man there—

"'I want a bath.'

"'Yes, sir; what eat, sir?'

"I look at him. *Mon Dieu!* I think, how foolish is this man. I say—

"'No, thank, you, not now; afsair.'

"'What eat, sir—what eat?'

"I begin to get rather angry. I did not think the English so barbaric a people to eat just before the bath. In France we eat after the bath. It is bad, it derange the stomach to go in hot water aftair one has eaten. The man turned red, angry, I think; he say some rude word. Then he come back with a thermometair in his hand; he calls out, loud enough to make me deaf—

"'What eat for your bath, sir? Show with your fingare.'"

THE ALARM BIRD;

Or, God's Providential Care.

Near the Coppermine River, which falls into Hudson's Bay, live a tribe of Indians, who traverse the immense dreary solitudes that surround them, in pursuit of deer or other game, from which they derive their sole subsistence. The animals, however, taught by experience to shun the haunts of men, and instinctively led to conceal themselves in the most sequestered spots, would with difficulty be discovered, were it not for one of the winged tribe, of the owl genus, called the Alarm Bird.

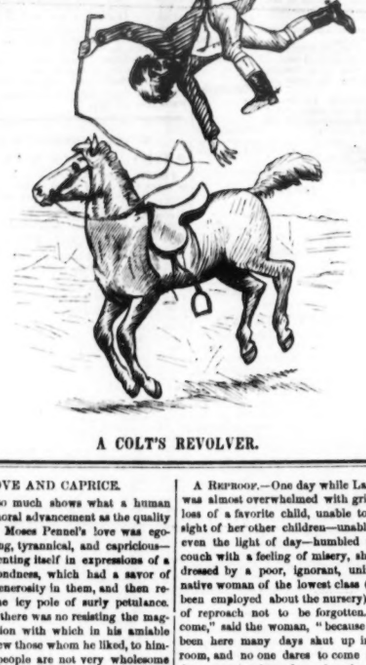
No sooner does this bird descry man or beast, than it directs its flight towards them, and hovering over them, forms gyrations round their head. Should two objects at once arrest its attention, it flies from one to the other alternately, with a loud screaming resembling the crying of a child; and in this manner it will follow travellers, or attend a herd of deer, for the space of a day together.

By means of this guide, whose qualities so well correspond with its name, the Copper Indians are apprised of the approach of strangers, or directed to the herds of deer and musk oxen which otherwise they would frequently miss. Is it to be wondered at, then, that they hold the Alarm Bird in the highest veneration? It seems, indeed, to have been intended by Providence for the solace and friend of the miserable inhabitants of those wild and sterile regions; and will furnish a new evidence of that superintending care which watches over all.

The *cuculus indicator*, so celebrated in the warmer climates for detecting the treasures of the bees, in the deep recesses of the woods, within the hollow trunk of trees, has, or may be thought to have, a view and an object in its services. It feels the want of human assistance, to enable it to enjoy the fruits of its discoveries, and therefore instinctively calls for it, in hopes of being recompensed with a share of the honey, which, we are told, the natives readily allow it; but the Alarm Bird seems totally disinterested in its labors, it answers no purpose of its own, and therefore may be considered as one of the bounties of Heaven to a people and a country almost shut out from a participation of the common blessings of life.

TOO MUCH READING!

An amusing article upon the "Physicians and Surgeons of a by-gone generation," a foreign journal describes Abernethy conversing thus with a certain patient:—"'I opine,' said he, 'that more than half your illness arises from *too much reading.*' On my answering that my reading was chiefly history, which amused while it instructed, he replied: —'That is no answer to my objection. At your time of life a young fellow should endeavor to strengthen his constitution, and lay in a stock of health. Besides, *too much reading never yet made an able man.* It is not so much the extent and amount of what we read that serves us, as what we assimilate and make our own. It is that, to use an illustration borrowed from my profession, that constitutes the chyle of the mind. I have always found that really indolent men, men of what I would call *flabby* intellects, are great readers. It is far easier to read than to think, to reflect or to observe; and these fellows, not having learned to think, cram themselves with the ideas or the words of others. This they call study, but it is not so. In my own profession I have observed that the greatest men were not the mere readers, but the men who observed, who reflected, who fairly thought out an idea. To learn to reflect and observe is a grand desideratum for a young man. John Hunter owed to his power of observation that fine discrimination, that keen judgment, that intuitiveness which he possessed in a greater degree than any of the surgeons of his time.'"



A COLT'S REVOLVER.

LOVE AND CAPRICE.

Nothing so much shows what a human being is in moral advancement as the quality of his love. Moses Pennel's love was egotistic, exacting, tyrannical, and capricious—sometimes venting itself in expressions of a passionate fondness, which had a savor of protecting generosity in them, and then receding to the icy pole of surly petulance. For all that, there was no resisting the magnetic attraction with which in his amiable moods he drew those whom he liked, to himself. Such people are not very wholesome companions for those who are sensitively organized and predisposed to self sacrifice. They keep the heart in a perpetual freeze and thaw, which, like the American Northern climate, is so particularly fatal to plants of a delicate habit. They could live through the hot summer and the cold winter, but they cannot endure the three or four months when it freezes one day and melts the next, when all the buds are started out by a week of genial sunshine, and then frozen for a fortnight. These fitful persons are of all others most engrossing, because you are always sure in their good moods that they are just going to be angels—an expectation which no number of disappointments seems finally to do away.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

THE PARABLE OF THE SAMARITAN.

Some of the parables related in the New Testament are supposed to be true histories; in the incidental circumstances of others, our Saviour evidently had a regard to historical propriety. Thus, the scene of that most beautiful and instructive parable of the good Samaritan is very appositely placed in that dangerous road which lay between Jerusalem and Jericho; no way being more frequented than this, both on account of its leading to Perea, and especially because the classes or stations of the priests and Levites were fixed at Jericho as well as at Jerusalem, and thence it is that a priest and a Levite are mentioned as travelling this way. It further appears, that at this very time Judea in general was overrun by robbers, and that the road between Jericho and Jerusalem, in which our Lord represents this robbery to have been committed, was particularly infested by banditti, whose depredations it favored, as it lay through a dreary solitude. On account of these frequent robberies, we are informed by Jerome that it was called "The Bloody Way."

How to Know when you are 'Talking to a Major-General.'—An exchange says that you may read shoulder straps thus: Those of a Major-General bear two silver embroidered stars on each end of the strap. A Brigadier-General has one silver star only. A Colonel has a silver embroidered spread eagle; a Lieutenant Colonel has two silver embroidered leaves, one at each end of the strap; a Major has two embroidered leaves similarly placed. A Captain has two gold bars at each end of the strap; a First Lieutenant one gold bar at each end; and a Second Lieutenant no bars at all.

The cloth of the strap, by its color, distinguishes the arm of the service. For General and staff officers, it is dark blue; for artillery, scarlet; for infantry, sky blue; for riflemen, green; and for cavalry, orange color.

Non-commissioned officers are indicated by "chevrons" or stripes on the coat sleeve in the form of a letter V. Corporals wear two stripes; Sergeants three. Orderly Sergeants have a lozenge, or diamond-shaped figure, within the angle of the chevrons. Sergeant-Majors have the three stripes of a Sergeant completed into a triangle, base upermost.

Paganini a Miser.—Paganini, the celebrated violinist, was a miser by nature. The day before his death, relates a recent French writer, he called his servant to him. "Zulietta," said he, "I have a mind to eat pigeon." "Very well, sir," said she, "but I have no money; let me have twelve cents." "Twelve cents," he repeated, shrugging up his shoulders; "twelve cents! it? too dear, Zulietta—try, at any rate, my dear, to get one for eight, for you know there are a great many little bones in pigeons."

☞ Man has been described by Byron as "a pendulum betwixt a smile and tear."

A Reproof.—One day while Lady Raffles was almost overwhelmed with grief for the loss of a favorite child, unable to bear the sight of her other children—unable to bear even the light of day—humbled upon her couch with a feeling of misery, she was addressed by a poor, ignorant, uninstructed, native woman of the lowest class (who had been employed about the nursery) in terms of reproach not to be forgotten. "I am come," said the woman, "because you have been here many days shut up in a dark room, and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen? Were you not the envy of everybody? Did any one ever see him or speak of him without admiring him? And instead of letting the child continue in this world till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to Heaven in all his beauty? What would you have more? For shame!—leave off weeping, and let me open a window."

☞ To gain wealth does not make us happy; to lose it makes us miserable.

Agricultural.

OX TEAMS AND HORSE TEAMS.

The Massachusetts Ploughman has been making a comparative estimate of the value of horses and oxen. We extract as follows: It is generally agreed that horses travel faster than oxen, and that on a farm consisting of plains and destitute of rocks, a pair of horses will do more on the plough and harrow than a pair of oxen. Horses will wear longer than oxen; that is, farm horses will last to work till twenty years old, but oxen should not be kept half so long, though some work till they are fourteen. But after admitting so much, we may be allowed to say a word or two in favor of the practice of keeping oxen. And first, as to the cost of the animals. Oxen of equal weight with the horses are bought for one-half the price. Oxen are worth something after they are worn out in work—horses are not. Oxen are not half so liable to disease as horses are. An insurer will ask four fold more for insuring the health of horses than of oxen. The gearing for oxen costs less by half than that of horses. A wooden yoke lasts longer than leather harness, and it is put on and off in half the time. One chain answers for two oxen, but two horses must have four. Oxen are more patient than horses, and will carry a more even yoke. They start a load better than horses, particularly in a snow path, where the runners stick to the snow. Oxen can be entrusted with hired men at less risk than horses. They are soon taught to draw the plough, and are driven by the ploughman without any reins. We have not a large proportion of farms without rocks and stumps, and where the land is rocky there is no comparison between oxen and horses. In regard to cost of keeping, there would be but little difference if both were kept on the same food. But many of our farmers keep oxen through the winter on coarse hay, straw and husks, which would not keep horses alive. Our own oxen (half-blood Devon) never have any but cheap hay, husks, &c., through the winter, though they labor much of the time. When April comes they are kept on good hay, and they learn the difference between cheap and costly living. Oxen of the right breed are very readily fattened, and their beef is better than that of cows or young cattle, and brings more in the market.

FEEDING HENS IN WINTER.

The following is furnished the American Agriculturist by a correspondent:—

"I have twenty-eight chickens, large and small, several of them fall chickens. I obtained but a few eggs in the forepart of winter—not more than one or two a day. The feed was corn and oats. In January I tried the experiment of hot feed once a day, in the morning. As soon as the fire was started in the cook stove, I put a quart or so of small potatoes in a dripping pan, and set them in the oven. After breakfast I took a quart or more of wheat and buckwheat bran, mixed, put it in the swill-pail, and mixed into this mush with boiling water, then adding about one quart of live coals from the stove, and put in the potatoes hot from the oven, adding all the egg-shells on hand, and sometimes a little salt, and sometimes a little sulphur. These, mashed together, are fed immediately in a trough prepared for that purpose, made about ten feet long, of two boards six inches wide, nailed together, and two short pieces nailed on the ends, with a narrow strip nailed lengthwise on the top, and two bearers under. The object of this was to keep the hens out of the trough, and leave room to eat each side of the narrow strip. At noon I feed six ears of corn cut up in pieces six inches long; and in the evening oats and wheat screenings about a quart. Now for the result. In about a week the number of eggs increased six fold, and in about two weeks, and since, they have ranged from twelve to twenty eggs per day. The coldest weather made no difference. When it was cold and stormy I kept them in the hen-house all day, and generally till ten or twelve o'clock.

WHEN TO FEED WORK ANIMALS

It is, we think, generally admitted, that work animals do not need as much solid food when lying idle as when steadily at work. But we think that there is a grievous mistake frequently made in giving work animals that have lain idle a good hearty feed just before going to work: For instance, to give a horse an extra mess of oats in the morning, and as soon as he is done harness him up and go to work. Now, we think this is little or no benefit—for the horse has to carry about with him a large mass of undigestive food, which has not had time to pass into a condition to be of any benefit to him, except to fill his stomach. A little reflection will enable any one to see that this is not right.

An animal which has been idle should be fed an extra quantity for several meals before going to work. And this applies especially to oxen, from the fact that they merely crush their food a little to swallow it. An extra feed does them almost no good at all, if worked immediately after it. They depend upon raising their food and chewing it over again, and if they are worked, they do not get a chance to do so; as a consequence the greater part passes off without doing them any good, as most farmers know. If we feed oxen a certain quantity of grain per day, we prefer to give three-quarters of it to them at night. They can then get a chance to thoroughly masticate it, and almost none is lost.—*Iowa Homestead.*

Brine Poisonous—A Caution.—During past years we have published in the Agriculturist occasional reports of bad effects from feeding to animals salt from meat barrels. In a recent number of the Honesdale (Pa.) Herald, we find an account of the sudden death of several valuable imported hogs after eating food mixed with brine from a beef barrel. In this case the evil effects are attributed to saltpetre (nitrate of potash) used in curing the beef. Whether it was the nitre, or the salt, there have been a sufficient number of instances reported to render it hazardous to allow any animal to consume either the salt or brine from any kind of meat. Salt food of any kind is destructive to fowls, and care should be taken to keep them from house slops containing salt. But refuse brine and salt are excellent on the asparagus bed, applied in autumn or winter, or at any time except in the cutting season. It even pays to put on a good layer of new salt. Refuse brine or salt is also good on most soils, and on most field or garden crops, and should not be wasted.—*American Agriculturist.*

Useful Receipts.

Castor Oil.—The medical men of Paris recommend the following easy way of administering castor oil to children:—The quantity of oil prescribed is poured into a small earthen pan over a moderate fire, an egg broken into it and stirred up so as to form something like what cooks call buttered eggs; when it is done a little salt or sugar or a few drops of orange water, or some currant jelly should be added; the sick child will eat it eagerly, and never discover the fraud.

Cole Slaw.—Select a white, hard head of cabbage, cut it in half, and lay it in water a short time; when the water is entirely drained off shave it very finely with a sharp knife; put a teacupful of vinegar on to boil, when it has boiled up add a teacupful of cream and the beaten yolks of two eggs, let all boil up once more, being careful to stir it all the time to prevent curdling; then pour it over the cabbage, which must be previously seasoned with cayenne pepper and salt.

Superior Corn Oysters.—To 1 pint grated corn put 1 egg well beaten, 1 small teacup flour, ½ teacup butter, salt and pepper—mix well together, and fry them brown. A tablespoonful will make the size of an oyster.

Buckwheat Cakes.—One quart buckwheat meal; 1 handful Indian meal; 1 cup yeast; some warm water and salt. When ready to bake, ½ teaspoonful soda, and 1 cream of tartar, lightens them Extempore Buckwheat Cakes may be made by leaving out the yeast, and substituting 1 teaspoonful soda; 2 cream of tartar.

Waffles.—Take two tea-cups hot hominy; 1 tablespoonful butter; when cold, add 1 teacup wheat flour, salt, as much milk as will make a stiff batter, and 3 eggs, beaten well. Mix, adding a mite of soda; do. cream of tartar. Bake in Waffle irons.

Quick Waffles.—One pint milk; 3 eggs, beaten; enough wheat flour to make a thick batter; add a tablespoonful butter melted, and a little salt, soda and cream of tartar.

Best Waffles.—One quart milk; ½ pound melted butter; 3 eggs; 3 large spoonfuls yeast; let it rise 4 hours. Serve them, when baked, with sugar and cinnamon.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 18, 13, 3, 18, is a river which flows into the the Mississippi.

My 7, 17, 6, 3, 2, 4, 11, is one of the Southern states.

My 2, 4, 8, is a county in Iowa.

My 19, 11, 15, 15, 22, 17, 17, is a county in Missouri.

My 19, 6, 6, 20, is a county in Texas.

My 9, 11, 2, 28, 16, 2, 24, 17, 4, is a town in Illinois.

My 1, 14, 17, 7, 11, 5, 21, is a seaport in Maine.

My 19, 11, 5, 5, is a county in Michigan.

My 19, 26, 27, 2, 5, 5, is a river in Austria.

My 28, 2, 25, 28, 2, 5, is a river in Turkey.

My 28, 10, 6, 28, 25, 3, 11, is one of the Southern states.

My whole is one of "Poor Richard's" sayings. IDA MARION.

Delaware.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In every street my whole is found;
Behead me, and I'm used in sound;
Transpose, and I am a letter small;
Curtail, an adverb used by all.
Transpose, and a heavy weight I'll be;
Behead, a prepositon you'll see;
Transpose, an abbreviation's plain;
Behead, an interjection of pain.

JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A kind of meat.
A preposition.
A girl's name.
Name applied to the *holy women* of the Catholic church.
Another word for plunder and destroy.
Another word for unwell.
The name of a town in Ohio.
The name of a sacred place.

The *first* and *last* initials form the names of two celebrated men. The former a General, the latter a statesman.

Cincinnati. CAPT. L. B. CHESTER.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first oft hangs upon a lady's arm,
Yet gives a jealous husband no alarm.
My second doth the place of feet supply,
To those who neither walk, nor run, nor fly.
My whole's the rival of each tempting toast,
But when it's most caressed it suffers most.

C. READ.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A person owns a saw-mill having a slanting bulk-head to the flume; the bulk-head having the following distances given on it, viz.: from the face of the flume (at top) to a perpendicular produced is 4 feet 8 inches. Length of the perpendicular produced is 15 feet 9 inches. It is required to find the length of a brace entering into the slanting bulk-head 9 feet 11 inches from the foot of the bulk-head? from thence into the run, at the distance of 14 feet 7 inches from the foot of the bulk-head?

Scott Co., Iowa. MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

At a time when eggs were scarce, an old woman who possessed some remarkably good laying hens, wishing to oblige her neighbors, sent her daughter round with a basket of eggs to three of them; at the first house, which was the squire's, she left half the number of eggs she had and half a one over; at the second she left half of what remained and half an egg over; and at the third she again left half of the remainder, and a half a over; she returned with one egg in her basket, not having broken any. Required—the number she set out with?

Prompton, Pa. M. W., Jr.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why should a lady feel fatigued at her toilet? Ans.—Because she's *attiring* herself.

☞ "For Weal or Woe."—Why is a sailor steering his vessel like a butcher cutting up a calf? Ans.—Because they are both men at the *wheel!*

☞ Why is a captured flag like consumption? Ans.—Because it is a trophy (atrophy).

☞ Why are you a sheep? Ans.—Because a sheep is ewe.

☞ Which is the most unyielding and unfeeling town in England? Ans.—Stone, in Staffordshire.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA.—The Protestant Orphan Asylum of Detroit. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"The Lord of the Isles," by Sir Walter Scott. DOUBLE REBUS.—Major General Burnside. (Mama, Awl, Job, Oh and You, Runner, Gun, Errors, Never and I, Ed, Rare.) CHARADE.—Scarcity of change. ANAGRAMS.—Monkey, Rabbit, Elephant, Squirrel, Antelope, Giraffe, Zebra, Pigeon.

Answer to GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM by Jos. H. Ross, published December 27, 1862.—The area of Sperical Polygon is 282.303283 square inches. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

E. Hagerty, Baltimore, gives his answer 1372.7 inches.

Answer to G. M Tucker's ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE, published December 27th.—This question is indeterminate, and admits of four different answers, all correct. The number may be 12, 24, 36 or 48. ARTEMAS MARTIN, Pa., and R. VAREY, Jr., Illinois.

Answer to E. Hagerty's PROBLEM, published December 27th.—B's stock, $9772.386; A's stock, $9236.485; C's stock, $11771.128.

ARTEMAS MARTIN, Pa.

Answer to Vickie Spencer's RIDDLE, published January 17th.—"A fool uttereth all his mind, but a wise man keepeth it in till afterwards." S. A. D., *Lacyville, Wyoming Co., Pa.*